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Choice Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

Dearest, come home! I cannot bear
 Thy long protracted stay,
So sad and lonely is my heart
 When thou art gone away.
I've tried, alas! how vainly tried,
 Thine absence to forget,
Yet still I can but think of thee
 With kindness and regret.

As mourns the gentle cooing dove
 In accents desolate,
When forced by some unkindly hand
 Far from her loving mate—
So through the chambers of my heart
 Echoes a mournful tone,
While every pulse affection beats,
 Re-echoes, "I'm alone."

Things that are bright, when thou art here,
 Look dark and gloomy now,
And nature seems to share my grief
 With clouds upon her brow.
The bird sings now a sadder song
 Than e'er he sang before,
And flowers have lost the sunny hue
 They once so sweetly wore.

To wile the weary hours away
 That lag with leaden feet,
I read thy favorite authors o'er,
 Their choicest parts repeat;
But even books, those voiceless friends,
 Have lost all charms for me,
And fail to cheer my heart, unless
 I read them, love, with thee.

And music, with her voice so sweet,
 I've called her to my aid,
And soft and low, with trembling hand,
 Thy favorite air I've played;
But ah! those tender notes have stirred
 Affection's fountains deep,
And sadly have I left my song
 To think of thee, and weep.

Thus gloomy thoughts their dismal shade
 O'er brightest objects fling;
How true it is—a saddened heart
 Can sadden every thing!
Then, dearest, come, thy wife's kind heart
 Still warmly beats for you—
A heart whose every throbbing pulse
 Is faithful, kind and true.

Louisville Journal.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE:
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING AT PROSPECT HALL.

There's not a maid, nor wearied man of more,
But now this day shall smile through all their care,
And revel it in transport and rude harmony.
Congreve.

Very grand and beautiful, though very simple, was the "prospect" from the front vestibule of the hall, which commanded a view of the smoothly descending sweep of the snow-clad hill and plains, stretching many miles to Chesapeake Bay, which formed the boundary of the Eastern horizon, and whose dark waters were now a-blaze with the splendor of the risen sun.

Here upon this morning in the vestibule, smiling, stood Judge Washington, and from all parts of the plantation, coming up the hill in their gay holiday attire were seen his people—men, women and children coming to wish their venerated master and his family a Happy Year, and to receive from his hands some appropriate token of regard. "Happy New Year! Judge!" "Happy New Year! marster!" "Happy New Year, sir! and many returns of 'em!" sounded now from all sides, as the people came up the marble stairs and crowded around their master.

But she, the idolized young mistress, who had stood by his side a week before, on Christmas day, was absent; and as their inquiring glances went about, and sly smiles were exchanged—for they judged the cause of her absence by the happy expression of their master's countenance—Judge Washington said—

"Wish me joy, my people, upon another happy occasion—the birth of my grand-daughter Virginia!"

And then a shout went up into the air! And the Judge was cheered! And the young mother! And the child!

"But where is Adam Hawk?" inquired the old gentleman.

"We have not seen him this morning, sir!"

"He was disturbed last night. He has probably over-slept himself this morning. You, Prince, must do his office upon this occasion," said Judge Washington, placing a heavy purse in the hand of his confidential attendant. "Distribute this among your fellow servants, and God bless you all!—and stay! Where is Bruin, my good Bruin? I do not see him!"

"We have not seen him at the house this morning, sir—'haps he's at Blackthorn's."

"Prince, send some one to bid him come to me—I have Spurzheim's Philosophy for him."

"Yes, sir! yes! 'mediately, sir! Dull! do you come here! Run now as fast as you can go to Blackthorn's, and 'form Bruin that young marse has spurs and a hoss for him," said this deputy, in a low voice, to his messenger.

"Now go, my people, and enjoy your holiday, and God be with you!" said the Judge, turning towards the house.

"God bless Judge Washington, and all his house!" shouted the dispersing crowd.

Judge Washington turned to see, bowing low before him, hat in hand, the tall, gaunt figure of Adam Hawk, with his gray locks streaming on the wind.

"Happy New Year, my good friend! I was just inquiring for you, missing you from this, my patriarchal gathering of the clans, and supposing you to be sleeping off your fatigue. I hope you have not shortened your morning's rest upon my account; for you look rather weary. Cover, my good Adam! cover, this crisp morning! Your gray hair, like mine, looks not so well romping with the wind, as Mary's chesnut locks might look. And now I see you again—indeed, Adam, you look haggard. You have lost too much sleep. Come in and take a glass of egg-nog to Mary's health, and then go home and go to bed," said the Judge.

But Adam Hawk bowed again more lowly than before, and said,

"You see before you a stricken man this morning, Judge! Verily the hand of God has fallen heavily upon me!"

"Adam, old friend, you speak solemnly. You alarm me! I trust no evil has befallen you since last night."

"My child, sir, who was lost, is found again; but was found in the snow, and her corse lies now at my house!"

"Adam! My heaven! Adam! what do you tell me?"

"Her mother, sir, overwhelmed by the shock, is dying."

Judge Washington gazed silently at the speaker with a countenance stolid with surprise and compassion.

"That, sir, is the excuse I offer for not being early at my duty this morning."

"Adam Hawk, I pity you from the very bottom of my heart. Adam, I am deeply wounded by your griefs."

"There is no use in that, sir."

"Good friend! command me. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Judge, since there is no withstanding the Almighty."

"Let there be no rebelling then, Adam, against the Almighty; no doubting the All wise; no murmuring against the All-merciful—He wounds to heal. I, too, Adam, as you know—I and mine have been smitten to the dust, but we have been raised again. Earth has remedies for almost every other affliction—God only for those that come by death." Adam bowed lowly and remained silent. Judge Washington continued, "Resign yourself, Adam; not as a prisoner to the sentence of a Judge, but as a little child to the discipline of his father."

Again Adam inclined his head, and saying,

"Permit me now to return to the bedside of my dying wife," turned to depart.

"God be with you, Adam. Call on me for any service you may need. I will be down to see you in a few hours."

Adam Hawk departed, and Judge Washington re-entered the mansion, and proceeded to the bed-chamber of his daughter-in-law.

Mary was sitting up in bed, supported by downy white pillows, and her sweet, wan face looked even fairer, for the soft shade of the delicate lace cap—and beautiful, far more beautiful, for the heavenly love and still joy beaming from her countenance—upon the babe sleeping before her. As her "father," as she called him, entered the room, Mary held out one hand to him, and as he came to the side of the bed, she murmured in low tones, full of deep emotion,

"I am so happy! Oh, my beloved, my venerated father! my second good, father bless thy child and her child!"

"I do bless thee every day I live, my Mary—and again I bless thee. May God be ever in thy heart, and love and truth be ever on thy lips as now, my Mary!"

"I am so happy! I am so grateful! My heart fills to breaking with its wish, its need to do God some good service! I am so happy! I am so grateful! Oh, my father! what shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies?"

"'The cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's! The whole earth, and the fullness thereof are His. Yea, the heavens and the majesty thereof are the Lord's,'" said Judge Washington, contemplating the lovely young mother with a sweet solemnity of brow.

"What, then, shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies—since all that is His of right."

The patriarch bent over her, and with a countenance and in tones full of blessing, said,

"My daughter! 'thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy strength.' That which we frail creatures—created by a breath, and by a breath destroyed—that which we beg for in every act and word and thought—the Supreme Sovereign of the Universe Himself in His lone Omnipotence pleads for—LOVE. 'My son, my daughter, give me thy HEART!' Mary! above and before all things raise thy soul and the soul of thy child in love to the Universal Father, and all good else will follow of itself."

"Oh! I do, I do and shall! and it has made me happy, and will make me so, but—a barren love! Oh, father! when my soul burns to do something!"

"'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' there is large room in that, my Mary!"

They were interrupted by a knock at the door. Judge Washington stepped to the door and opened it partly. Bruin, the Deformed, appeared and said a few words in a low voice. "Certainly—remain below stairs a few minutes, Bruin," were the only words of the colloquy that Mary heard—and these were spoken by the Judge, who, closing the door returned, and seating himself by the bed, said,

"Mary, my dear daughter, I have something to tell you—something that, in your present state, perhaps, you should not hear—but which duty nevertheless constrains me to reveal. I will rely upon your self-command and fortitude as well as upon your strength of nerve."

"Well, father! Margaret! It is about Margaret!" said Mary, in a low voice, but growing very pale.

"My dear Mary—remember yourself now—be calm."

"I am, I am, father! But—Margaret!"

"Has passed away from earth."

Mary sank backwards upon her pillow, pressed both open hands to her brow, remained perfectly still for a little while, and then uncovering her face, said,

"The circumstances, father!"

"She returned home last night, died in her mother's arms—died in the hope of a blessed immortality, and blessing with her last breath you and your child, my Mary!"

"Father! My nurse—her mother! How is it with her?"

"Mary, you knew her state!"

"Yes—yes!"

"The slight tenure by which she held her life?"

"Well—well?"

"She blessed her dying child—received her last breath, and—"

"*She, too, died!*" said Mary, convulsively clasping her hands, and then with an effort controlling herself, while she repeated, "She, too, died!"

"No, my Mary, she lives yet, but her life is despaired of."

"Ah, my dear nurse! My tender friend!"

"I have a message from her for you, Mary!"

"Tell it to me, father! the message of the dying—"

"Listen then, Mary; Margaret left a babe of four weeks old!"

"A babe! Oh, poor, poor things! Oh, poor, poor things! Mother and babe! How it must have tortured the soul of Margaret to leave her babe behind! And oh, the poor, poor, helpless, most destitute innocent!" said Mary, with the tears bathing her face. Tears—such tears are not dangerous, and so they did not alarm Judge Washington or stay his speech.

"It is in behalf of this destitute babe that the dying mother sends you this message—she implores that for the sake of all her tender care of you in your infancy—for the sake of the dead Margaret, and for the sake of God—you will care for the orphan babe who is cast off by her grand-father—and see to its being put in a place of safe nurture. And, my Mary, it is because the poor woman cannot die peacefully without a promise brought to her from your own lips that I have ventured to risk disturbing you."

"Thank you, dear father! Wise and good father, thank you for telling me!"

"Bruin waits to take your answer back, my Mary!"

"Let him hasten and tell my dear nurse that I take her Margaret's baby—my sister's baby to my own bosom, and think that God has given me twins! And let him tell her that I come myself to assure her of it with my own lips!"

The Judge left the room, and soon returned, saying,

"I did your bidding, Mary, in regard to the first part of your message, but for the last, my love, it is impossible, you know; you cannot go!"

"Ah, father! do not you say so. You have faith and courage! You know that God will protect me if I rely upon Him while venturing anything for the sake of good."

"My dear Mary, my love, my darling, consider. You would risk your life, unnecessarily; that would be rash and presumptuous."

"Ah, no, father! not to give peace to my dying friend, would be unnecessary, rash or presumptuous."

"But you would run a fearful risk, my dear Mary."

"Ah, father! is not that what nurse would call a 'notion'—that tender fear of yours; see, father, how strong and well I am, for all my ephemeral look—and see how much I have already gone through, which, thanks to God and to your sustaining aid, has not impaired my bodily health."

"That you know of, my love; but, Mary! this exposure at such a time; ah, my child! you must not think of it! you must give it up. I myself will go and see poor Mrs. Hawk, and deliver, literally, any message you send, and promise anything you wish in your name," said the Judge, with affectionate earnestness and gravity.

Mary raised her pleading eyes to his, and placed her delicate hands together, and said, in an imploring voice,

"Father! dear father! hinder me not! If you forbid me, I will not go—but, oh! I shall lie here with such an aching heart, to know my nurse mother dying, and so near me, and I not with her! and afterwards to know her dead, and the opportunity of doing her this good service, taken from my power. Father! dear father! oh! let me go!"

"Mary, my own dear heart's child! if it were not for fear of risking your health, I should not oppose your wishes; *forbid you—hinder you*, Mary, I do not—I never did or shall arrogate to myself any control over your free action, my child!"

"But, father, I will not—indeed I could not bring myself to—do anything against your wishes—but I want you, in this instance, to think as I do."

"Be a woman like thou, dear child!"

"Father! just consider—it is all a 'notion,' this about the danger. Think how many women I have read of in history, who in 'troublous times' frequently endured hunger, cold, fatiguing journies, all at once! delicate women, too—and yet they never perished. Now, father, the sun has come out warm, and it is thawing out of doors; and the distance is short, and I can go in the close carriage, and be well wrapped up in shawls and furs, and my eider-down quilt. There will be no danger if care is taken, in my going—but if I stay here—oh, father! I am afraid that like a very bad child, I shall cry myself ill."

Much more was said on both sides with which I will not weary the reader, as it was but a variation of the same thing. And finally Mary prevailed, and at high noon found herself well wrapped up—with her nurse and her baby also, in the close carriage, and on her way to Blackthorns.

It was but a ten minutes' drive, and Mary was soon at the bedside of the dying woman, while the nurse and babe remained in the outer room.

"You good child! you angel! So you have come! But, oh! Mary, my darling, what have you risked?"

"Nothing, dear, good nurse—nothing at all! I do not feel tired from this little, very comfortable ride!"

"God love my darling!" faintly gasped the sufferer; "God bless the good girl!"

"Send for Maggie's baby, and let me see it, dear nurse. Mine is in the other room—that shall be brought also, and you shall see it."

"Quickly, then, Mary, my child; you are my child—ain't you, Mary?"

"Always, ever, dearest, earliest friend!"

"Send for your baby, my dear, that I may bless her before I die."

Mary made a sign to Bruin, who left the room for a few minutes during which Mrs. Comford entered with the babe. She was soon followed by Bruin himself, bringing in the dead Maggy's infant, which had become his charge for the time being.

Both little ones were brought to the bed.

"Lay Margaret's baby in my lap, Bruin," said Mary.

And he did so.

"Raise me up, and place my Mary's infant before me, neighbors," requested Peggy—and her wish was complied with. "What is her name, my child?" asked the dying woman.

"Mary Virginia—I have given her for her patron saint, the spotless Virgin."

The dying woman looked at Mary Washington with a profound but undefinable earnestness, and joining her feeble hands together, raised her eyes to Heaven, and in simple but fervent words invoked the blessing of God and the protection of the Virgin upon the children; then she motioned them to take her away, and sank back exhausted upon her pillow.

Mary waited a few moments, and then gently inquired, "What is the name of this my younger—I mean my second twin—nurse?"

"I had not thought of her name before—but—she is of humble birth—she will be poor—maybe beautiful; she will associate with those of higher rank than herself; a lot full of trial and temptation, from which even your goodness may not be able to defend her; therefore I will give her for a guardian spirit—her who knows the many and treacherous road from having lost her way therein—her who was tempted, fallen, repentant, and redeemed by love—St. Mary Magdalene." She paused again, exhausted, and the tears were streaming from Mary Washington's face, obstructing her reply—that at length amid sobs came forth—

"Poor Maggy, my foster sister, did not so; I have perfect faith in her purity—so has my honored father."

"Thank you! bless you! I knew it! *I* never had a doubt of my child—never! It was not that which made me speak as I did—ah, no! with my cold, dying breath, could I breathe a cloud upon my dead child's spotless name—ah, no! it was not that—it was—but my time is so short! Mary!"

"My dear nurse!"

"Did your see Father Lucas, as you came in?"

"Yes, nurse."

"He was sent for to receive my last confession, and to give me extreme unction. Mary!"

"My dear friend!"

"I have another request to make of you."

"Make it, dear nurse!"

"Let the two children be christened now, by my bedside."

"Yes, indeed, dear friend, it shall be done—immediately, if you like."

"Yes, immediately, for my time is very short, and you, my own darling, should be at home and in bed."

"Bruin, please ask Father Lucas to come in," said Mary.

The dwarf departed to do her bidding.

"And *another* request I have to make, dear Mary—so many favors have I to ask of my child."

"So many rights, dear nurse, that are gratefully acknowledged—what is it, then, nurse?"

"Stand sponsor for Magdalene."

"Yes, indeed, I will, very gladly, nurse,—will you also stand sponsor for Virginia?"

"Ah, my Mary! but I die!"

"Will you be less powerful to protect her in heaven than on earth?"

"No, no."

"Then let it be so, kind nurse."

"It shall."

Father Lucas now entered the room, and by the bedside of the dying woman, administered the rites of Christian baptism to the infant foster sisters—

Mary Virginia, and
Mary Magdalene.

When this was over, the expiring woman took the infants successively in her arms, and earnestly invoked for them the blessing of God, and the guardianship of saints and angels. Then Mary received them both together upon her lap, and folding her arms around them, pressed them to her bosom—vowing to love both equally as much as she could, and to cherish both alike as long as she and they should live. Then the dying nurse bid Mary a tender farewell, blessed her and dismissed her, and was left alone with the priest, to receive the last services and consolations of her church.

As she passed through the outer room, Mary Washington, pausing, gave a last look of love and adieu to Margaret, in her coffin, severed one long, glossy, black ringlet from her head, pressed one final kiss upon the cold brow, and replacing the white covering of her face, went her way.

"Thank God!" said Mary, "oh, thank God! that I was permitted to come to her."

In fifteen minutes more, wearied out by all she had gone through, Mary Washington was reposing on her own luxurious couch.

That day the soul of Peggy Hawk returned to God.

It was a strange and wilful sprite
As ever frighted human sight.
The Changeling.

"The glorified saints in Heaven! the saints alive! What an imp! It looks like a little devil! Look at its eyes, will you! Angels alive! did ever any one see such eyes? Ef it don't scare me! 'Spose it was to talk! 'Deed, I b'lieve its gwine to! 'spose it was to open its mouth and speak! shouldn't I drap it an' run! Here, mammy! take the scare-crow afore I let it drap!"

"Wish you would! You let it drap now! and see what you'll get! You take the chile right straight out'n the draf', an' up in Miss Mary's room, as you wer' bidden."

"Deed, mammy, I 'fraid of it! Look at its great hollow eyes! It's gwine to say somethin'! 'Deed, ef it talks, I shall drap it and run!"

"Look here, gal! take chile right up-stairs!—Foolishness!"

"'Spose I shall have to nuss the witchified little thing! Wouldn't sleep with it for the best goolden guinea that ever was fotch over from Englan'!"

"Lord a marcy! is the creetur gwine to stand there all day yopping her mouf? 'Clare to man, ef you don't start—it'll be the wus for you!"

"I'm gwine—I'm gwine now! But mind, mammy, ef you hear anything fall, and anybody—you may know what it is!"

"Yes, you do! It'll be good for you, that's all I can say!"

This colloquy took place at the foot of the great staircase, between the mischievous Coral and her mother, the morning after the funeral, when the infant Magdalene was brought by Bruin to Prospect Hill, and placed in the arms of the frightened maid to be carried up to her mistress.

Mary Washington was in her own chamber. I must describe this chamber, as it was the very sanctuary of the mother. It was a large, square front chamber, upon the second floor, and fronting the East. It was lighted by one large East bay window,—her dawn window. Opposite, against the West wall, sat the head of Mary's rosewood bedstead, under a canopy; on the right of this, was a door leading into the passage way; on the left, a door leading into the dressing-room—now the nursery. On the South, were two windows, at which the sun shone in nearly all the whole day; between the windows, stood a rosewood bureau and dressing-glass. On the North was the fire-place, surmounted by a white marble chimney-piece. The canopy of the bedstead, the curtains of the windows, the coverings of the chairs, lounges, and foot-cushions, were all of light blue damask.

The walls of the chamber were white. The carpet was of a white ground, with running blue flowers. There were books, pictures, statuettes, and musical instruments—all, not costly, but beautiful. And there were many other things besides—everything that goes to make any one particular room in a house seem like the very heart of home.

Mary Washington sat in a large, blue-covered easy chair by the fire. Her delicate form wrapped in a warm dressing-gown of fine white flannel, wadded and lined with white silk; her soft brown hair was parted smoothly above her brow, and the gossamer borders of a thread lace cap dropped faint shadows upon shining hair and snowy cheek. On one side of the youthful mother sat the cradle in which reposed the infant Virginia, covered with a blue silk quilt of eider down; on the other side, upon a cushion, between her chair and the corner of the fire-place, sat Josey with his book. Mary had stopped to listen for some one who was coming up the stairs, when the door opened, and Coral entered, bearing little Magdalene in her arms. She crossed the room, bringing the child gingerly, and stooping, held it before Mrs. Washington, saying,

"Here it is, Miss Mary—the little Jack-my-lantern!"

"Lay her on my lap, Coral. I have just laid little Virginia down to sleep, and am ready for Magdalene."

"Don't take the thing, Miss Mary, dear! it do look so fierce and wenomous, with its great eyes and its lantern jaws!"

"She is only famished, Coral. Give her to me!"

"Oh, don't put the little wampire to your bosom, Miss Mary; 'deed it'll bite you!"

"*Coral!*" said Mrs. Washington, in a tone of grave, though gentle rebuke.

The girl immediately placed the babe in the lady's arms, who, receiving it, said,

"You must not take a dislike to this poor babe, Coral."

"Lord save it, Miss Mary, I don't hate it more as I do lizzards, but I'm fear'd of it, you know! It is such a queer little human, an' it do look so knowin' an' wicked—but I 'spose the Lord made it—yes, I do 'spose He really *did*, just as He made the scorapins, (scorpions) for some good an' wise purpose, as they say! though it ain't safe to handle of 'em. Miss Mary, 'xcuse me this once, but 'deed you better let me take the little reptyle down stairs, and feed it with gruel!"

"Coral, you pain me by speaking so of the poor starved baby."

This was always Mrs. Washington's gravest rebuke, "You *pain* me!" and it always had its effect.

"Dear Miss Mary, don't mind me! 'Deed, I haven't the leastest mislike to the baby—it's all put on for fun. You know mammy says I'm a big devil, any how! and the baby is such a funny, scrawny, savage looking little thing!"

"You may go now, Coral," said her mistress, and "Pretty Coral," "Coral Red," went.

"Will you love this sister also, Josey?"

"I will *try*, if you like me to, little mother; but it will be very hard, for it is a very ugly sister!"

"Oh, Josey!"

"I will love Virginia, mamma, as much as ever you please. Virginia is so white, and soft, and pretty, and good!"

"But won't *you* try to love poor Magdalene?"

"I *said* I would try, mamma; but it is such an ugly sister—so thin, and black-looking—just like a little young gosling before the feathers are on."

"Josey! she is like that poor little naked, unfeathered bird, which the storm beat from its nest, and which you found under the tree—which gasped and died in your little hands."

"Yes, mamma, I was sorry for the birdling, because you said, if the storm had not beaten it from its nest, it would have become a beautiful song-bird, that would have soared and sung through all the sunny air."

"Little boy! Magdalene is like that bird—storm-beaten from her nest—and if we do not warm, and feed, and cherish her, she, too, will die."

"Yes, mamma," said the little caviller, thumbing his book—"but then, again, she has got such—such—such what-you-call-em eyes!"

"Such fierce, eager eyes, you mean, Josey?—so she has, for a baby, but then that is because she is famished. Her eyes are fierce because her stomach is famished. Let us nurse and love her, and we shall see how soft her eyes will beam, and how round and fair her face will grow, and how pretty, and good, and lovely she will be! And now listen, little boy, I have something to tell you which I want you to remember—are you listening?"

"Yes, indeed, little mother."

"Well, then, it is this—when you get to be a man, and see men,—poor, ill-used men, perhaps with fierce passions—do not hate them, and wish to take vengeance on them—but—think that something in their natures has been *starved*—think that where passions are fierce, the soul has been famished—do you understand me, Josey?"

"Yes, mamma! yes, mamma! better than you think I do! I feel it *here*, and I know it *here*, but I don't know how to tell you any more," said the boy, placing his hands upon his heart and his head, and raising his dilating blue eyes to her eyes, with one of those profoundly solemn looks that often moved the mirth of the merry Coral, and excited the admiration of Bruin to a fever height.

The orphan babe was certainly unpopular at the hall. Mrs. Comford entered with her charge's dinner just at this point of the conversation, and finding Mary actually engaged in nursing the child, set herself to expostulate seriously against the measure.

"You cannot stand it, ma'am! It will certainly break down your health."

"Ah, no, good Mrs. Comford!—you know it will not! More delicate women than myself have nursed twins before now."

"Ah, dear lady, but this strange child!—such a thing was never heard of!"

"Oh, yes, good nurse!—it has been heard of, and done—Margaret's mother divided her cradle and her milk with *me*, and I will do so for her child!"

"But, dear lady, 't is enough to take the infant in the house and care for it, without putting it to your own bosom."

"So did not Margaret's mother think when she took me to her bosom—so do not I think by her child."

"But, dear lady, you are so fragile!"

"Good nurse, all who *look* fragile are not so—because I am very small and slight, and have a very fair skin, you need not think me feeble—size and weight is not so often a sign of health and strength either, as is supposed—or the want of it an indication of weakness—indeed, I think the contrary is the case, and that small persons are proportionably stronger than large ones. No, nurse! I am strong and healthy, thank Heaven! and quite adequate to the task of nursing these two children! Besides, oh! consider! I feel so sorry for this poor, destitute little one, she is so thin, so delicate, she can never be raised by hand—she will die if I do not save her. Ah! it would give me too much pain not to do this—and I think, suppose *I* had died, would I not have blessed, from heaven, any mother that would have taken my child?"

The young mother was right in one thing—her health and strength suffered no diminution from nursing the two infants. The Judge made no objection to this second *protege*, only smilingly he said—

"My dear Mary, you have a talent for colonizing—we will send you to the West some day."

Adam Hawk by no word or sign gave evidence of his knowledge of the existence of his grandchild for some time—but then game, braces of quails, canvass-back ducks, bunches of ortolen, and other rare river or forest luxuries, found their way to the Mansion House with Adam Hawk's duty to the mistress.

Mary was soon out of her room, and had resumed her place at the head of her father's table. And now there came one of those beautiful spells of weather that often visit this climate, even in the dead of winter, and Mary received the congratulatory visits of her neighbors, the Mountjoys, of Alta Bayou; the Brokes, of Forest Hall; and, in short, of all the county ladies, far and near.

"Pity the babe had not been a boy."

"She will be a great heiress one of these days."

"I wonder whether she will be educated in the Catholic or Protestant religion—the grandfather being Episcopalian and the mother Catholic."

These were some of the comments made by the guests as they would depart. Of Mary's second adopted child they said nothing at all. Her character was so unique, so well known, if not well understood, that the circumstance of the adoption excited no interest by the side of that of the heiress. So passed January. During a second spell of fine weather in the latter part of February, Mary returned some of these visits, and after a final blast of winter in the first week of March, the Spring opened unusually early, and Mary could freely ride or walk about, accompanied by her children and their nurse, Coral, whose marriage with the black prince, for some mysterious reason between the parties, was indefinitely postponed—as *she* said, "Broke off for good!"

CHAPTER IV.

"THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST."

Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of Heaven, that stains the soul
Of man with more infernal hue, than damned
Assassination? *Cibber.*

Spring had fully opened, and Mary, *malgre* all her past trials, was glad with her children and with nature. The Judge, bidding her an affectionate farewell, departed on his circuit, leaving her to superintend the house, the garden, the people, and in some sort the whole estate—but in this weighty responsibility she was aided and seconded in their several departments, by the housekeeper, the overseer, and the gardener Gulliver—so named for his marvellous stories. It was Mary's habit to devote all her forenoons to hearing the different reports, and giving orders to these domestic ministers; and this Coral—whose quick intelligence picked up all sorts of sonorous phrases—called her "Kitchen Cabinet." In the afternoon, it was her pleasure to go rambling with her children, leading little Josey by the hand, and followed by Coral with a babe on each arm. But as the children grew, and Madgie's skeleton form filled out with flesh, they became too heavy a burden for Coral—and then a light wicker carriage, with two seats, was purchased for them, and then Josey grew obstreperous, and insisted upon dragging it himself. Mary tried it herself, and finding indeed that it would be no labor at all even for her little boy to drag it, gave her consent—for of all things Mary loved best to be *alone* with her children. So in that old fashioned guise—namely, Ginnie and Madgie, as the babes were called, seated in the carriage, Josey pulling it before and Mary walking by its side steadying it over rough places—they would go wandering—down the gradual hill in front of the house, and over the plains covered with soft bright green grass, or by the "still waters" of the clear ponds lying here and there, or through the beautiful groves of trees scattered around; or—going out from the back of the mansion, ascend the easy and tree-shaded slope that led into the woods behind the house, and entering a broad road that used a long time ago to lead to the county-seat, but that with long disuse was now grass-grown, shady, cool, and fresh, and formed a most delightful avenue through the thick interminable forest. This was preeminently Josey's favorite haunt—for here he found at every step such treasures of nature, plants, insects, flowers, birds, trees of endless variety and interest—and here, too, for its sequestered shade, Mary loved best to come.

One day—it was the first of May—Mary had promised that she would give a woodland May-day fete, and that Josey should have his little neighbors, Viola and Violetta Swan, the twin nieces, and Broke Shields, the nephew of their near neighbor, General Mountjoy, of Alta Bayou; and so at an early hour of the morning, the "Pair of Swans," as the twin-sisters were called, arrived in charge of their cousin, Broke Shields, a fine boy of ten years of age.

The party set out early in the forenoon, and after a ramble through the forest, during which they gathered an abundance of wild flowers, they seated themselves to rest in a forest glade through which the "old road" passed. And when a plentiful repast of light white biscuits, fresh butter, cream, and early strawberries had been spread upon the green grass; the children gathered around this feast, waited upon by Coral, while her mistress sat apart under the shade of a large oak, and beside the wicker carriage where her babies lay.

The children were in the midst of their hilarity, when an event occurred that speedily put an end to the festivity of the morning.

Mary had just laid Magdelene in the little carriage, and taken up Virginia, whom she was about to fold to her bosom, when the report of a pistol was heard near, and a bullet whistled past her and between herself and the child she held, so that she felt its whiz and heat, and passing through the top of the many-colored turban of Coral and carrying it off, lodged in the bark of a tree on the opposite side of the road. The danger was past as soon as known—but consternation fell upon the little party, who gazed at each other in dismay—and then upon Broke Shields, who had sprung upon his feet, with starting eyes and extended arm, and was staring and pointing in the direction whence the shot was fired—*one instant*—and then with a bound forward he disappeared in the forest. This broke the spell of silent amazement. Viola and Violetta clung to each other, screaming in terror. Josey instinctively sprang to the side of his mamma—his best loved—and threw his arms around her as if to shield her. Coral clapped her hands to her dismantled head, and ran about wildly, asking everybody,

"Am my brains blown out? Am my brains blown out?"

"Be easy, children. The danger is quite over now. It was only some sportsman, who did not know we were here, and who fired at a bird—They ought not to shoot the poor birds at this season, while they are raising their young, either," said Mary; but her face was ashen pale, she trembled in every limb, and her voice faltered, even while she attempted to re-assure herself and the children.

The children were too much terrified to remain there. The May-day feast was broken up. The little ones cowered around Mary, who only waited the re-appearance of Broke to return to the house. The lad came at length, pale, fatigued and disappointed.

"Why did you run off, my dear boy?—did you see any one?"

"Yes, Mary," answered Shields, who being but two years Mary's junior, and having been her playmate, continued to call the child-mother Mary.

"Whom did you see, Broke?"

"A man!"

"Some sportsman, my boy, never look so heated and angry. He was careless, perhaps, but it was unintentional."

"Was it a white or colored man?" asked Coral, with much interest.

"I don't know—in fact I only saw a pair of legs in dark pantaloons between the trunks of the trees. I could not see the form or face of the man for the thick leaves. I saw his arm protruded—the pistol aimed at Mary's bosom—and the legs spring away—all in a second just as I started up!"

Mary became deadly pale.

"Aimed at mamma! *fired* at mamma!" faltered Josey.

"Fired at Mary," murmured the frightened twins. And the children hovered around their beloved Mary as though they would have covered her.

"Yes, yes, I saw the muzzle pointed—look! look! look! Coral has fainted!"

Coral had indeed fallen in a deep swoon. Mary laid her child in the carriage, arose and tottered toward her fallen maid, stooped over her and attempted to raise her—then turning to the terrified children—she said, in a voice tremulous in spite of herself,

"Go, go, my dear children, hurry to the house and tell Aunt Poll to come quickly. Broke, do you go with them, my dear."

The children departed all but Josey.

"Go, Josey," said she.

"No, mamma! no! never will I leave you in the wicked woods alone," said Josey, who had closely followed his mother.

"Dear Josey, there is no danger. It was a mistake of Broke's. The man was taking aim at something in or near a line with me, but beyond me—there is no danger, darling!"

"But, mamma, you have such white lips, and you shake so."

"It is fright, Josey—only fright—the weakness of the body—my mind tells me there is no more danger, love!"

"Mamma, THERE IS! I feel it here and here—where I feel everything that is true about *you*," said the child, placing one hand on his head, and the other on his heart. "Mamma, go home—leave me here with Coral and the babies."

"Little soldier!" fondly exclaimed Mary, withdrawing her hand from Coral's forehead, which she was bathing, and encircling Josey with her arm. "Little soldier! one of these days what a protector you will be to mamma, and your sisters—but now, love, there is nothing to alarm us. It is only your loving anxiety, darling, that troubles heart and brain."

"Mamma! Mamma! *Was not* Uncle Carey—shot so—*just so*?"

"Merciful Heaven! so he was! and his murderer never discovered, and his motive never even remotely guessed!" faltered Mary, shuddering through all her limbs, and for a moment dropping her face upon her hands.

"Come, go home, little mother!" pleaded Josey, with his arm around her neck.

She returned his embrace, and then said,

"No, no, I cannot leave Coral here alone—and—and—there can be nothing in it! No! No! It is only a coincidence—it just *happened so*, Josey! I have not an enemy in the world! I never had! And there is not a soul on earth that could be benefitted by my death! It is terrible! It is very terrible! but—it only *happened so*!" said Mary, striving for composure—but so sick—so sick with deadly fear that she could scarcely keep from swooning herself.

The hasty approach of Poll Pepper, followed by two or three of the housemaids and Prince, relieved her; motioning them to raise Coral, she prepared to return to the house, amid the comments, questions, and exclamations of astonishment, fright and horror from the assembled servants. They reached the hall—the children were sent home, and Coral conveyed to bed in a raging brain fever.

So terminated the May-day fete.

After her first fright was over, Mary Washington resolutely withdrew her thoughts from dwelling upon the mysterious event in the Old Road, and gave her whole attention to her children, her maid, and her multifarious household duties. It was four weeks before Coral was up—and so changed! She was no longer "Pretty Coral" or "Merry Coral," and nobody called her as of old, "Coral Red;" she was almost white-Coral, so pale was she. "How she loved her mistress," every one said, "that such an escape from danger should have overwhelmed her so." And Mary herself felt redoubled affection for her hand-maiden. Mary did not deem it necessary to disturb Judge Washington's mind by the relation of these circumstances in any of her letters—and to *herself*, as well as to all the family, and to the neighbors who chanced much to her regret to hear the story, she continually said, "*It must* it was an accidental shot from some unseasonable sportsman. I cannot possibly think otherwise. I have not—I never *had*—an enemy in the world; and none on earth could be benefitted by my death." But Mary walked no more on the "Old Turnpike Road."

Thus, buried among her hand-maidens, like some Roman matron of old, were the two next months of the Judge's absence passed—and the end of this period brought the first of July, when he was expected to return home.

"Your master will be home to-morrow," she had said to the field negroes, while making her round that afternoon upon her little donkey, in company with Adam Hawk—and taking sweet authority upon herself, dismissing them earlier than usual to their quarters. "Your master will be home to-night, and for that and another reason, to-morrow will be a holiday you know—so every man, woman and child, must don their new clean clothes, and be in front of the vestibule to greet him, and see what he has brought for them." And smiling a good-night to them, she turned away. And they were half inclined to regret holiday, master's return, and all, for the reason that his beautiful and gentle daughter would no longer reign in his stead. Mary was in very high spirits for *her*. The Judge had said to her on leaving, three months before, and on concluding his directions to her concerning the management of the estate during his absence—"Thus you see, my child, I leave you a large margin to be filled out at your own discretion. You must not be fettered by any more directions. You must learn to be a planter practical, Mary—for one of these days, when Adam Hawk and I are gathered to our fathers, you will have the whole business upon your own hands—or, what is the same thing or worse, you will have some new overseer who is unfit for his place."

Everything in the Judge's absence had gone marvellously well; and now Mary was prepared to render an account of her stewardship with great pleasure.

"Grandpa is coming home to-night," she had said to Josey on putting him to bed. "Prince has gone with the carriage to St. Leonard to meet him—but it will be late when he comes, and he will be tired, and must not be disturbed by children—so my little boy must even content himself and go to sleep—but he may wake as early as he pleases to-morrow, and come in mother's room—for to-morrow is the first of July, and a holiday—and Josey shall see grandpa, and go to the wild beast show at St. Leonard's, and have his birth-day party out on the Old Road, too." And she kissed and left him to repose. Her two babies were also asleep. And Mary went down to the wainscotted parlor, where she had ordered a late supper to be prepared. And there she awaited him.

The carriage returned at nine o'clock, with the Judge, looking hale and cheerful, and full of expressions of delight at returning, and of affection for his Mary. He looked at her with surprise and pleasure. He led her under the light of a chandelier, and looked again. Yes! she was certainly improving—her fair cheeks had rounded and become rosy—she looked considerably less dreamy and spiritual—and more substantial and real—nursing, goodness, active occupation—one or all of these agreed with her assuredly.

"Why, my little daughter I shall certainly superannuate Adam Hawk, who is getting old, and make you my manager, since you thrive so upon farming."

"Perhaps you *will*, sir! when you see the results of my administration; though I fear I should have made a bad regent without the advice and assistance of the great prime minister in agricultural affairs. Now let me help you off with your coat; here is your dressing-gown and slippers, so you need not go to your room; but come in to supper, for we have—what do you think? Turtle soup!"

During supper the Judge told Mary that he had invited a party to dine with him on the ensuing "Fourth"—when he said he hoped her dinner would do credit to Southern housewifery in general, and her own skill in particular. Mary smilingly told him to rely on the best co-operation of his "Minister of the Interior." And soon after that, the Judge deferring business until the next day, retired to his chamber.

The next day Mary awoke early, and lay awake as usual for an hour watching the day break. The morning was perfectly clear, not the lightest fleeciest cloud was to be seen as the dull, red dawn of the horizon brightened and brightened into intensest crimson fire that flamed up towards the zenith, lighting into a blaze the flashing waters of the bay—and flushing the soft, green plains with rose color. Mary lay watching the coming of the sun, and it was not indolence that led her to select that time and manner of offering up her morning worship. She prayed before the dawn window as others prayed before altars. Her devotions were scarcely over when Josey's merry voice and quick step were heard—the door was burst open, and he ran in and climbed up for his mother's morning kiss—suddenly he stopped in his gladness and became very grave.

"What is the matter, my love?" asked Mary.

"Oh, mamma, I have just remembered it!"

"*What*, dear?"

Without replying, he asked mysteriously,

"Mamma,—is there anything in dreams?"

"Yes, I think so, my love, a great deal more in dreams than knowledge-proud people like to confess."

"Well, mamma, I think so, too," said Josey, with an approving air.

"What did my little Josey dream, then?"

"Mamma—I dreamed that all of us children—me and you and the babies and Broke were walking up the 'Old Turnpike Road,' and that you carried Virginia in your arms. Well, mamma, I thought on the left side of the road in and out through the trees—now in full sight, and now hidden—walked a great spotted leopard—and, mamma, it seems to me I can see him now as he put out his great, strong, thick fore legs armed with such claws—slowly and slyly, in and out and through the trees as he kept up with us on the grass, and, mamma, *his fire coal eyes were always on you!* turn which way you would, they would turn after you—and I tried to do something, but I couldn't—something held me tight and fast—though all the time I was walking along. Well! I thought we sat down to a feast in the open glade—just as we did *that day*, mamma—and I thought I turned to see if the great leopard was after us—just in time to see his great tail fly up in the air and swell, and his eyes strike fire as he made one bound and sprang upon *you*, mamma!—then I went to throw myself upon him—and I woke up and found it was a dream, and that I was in bed. I was so glad it was a dream, you know, and I went to sleep again and forgot it, and never thought of it until just this moment, mamma!"

"And now, dear, I will tell you how much meaning there was in your dream. I promised to take you to see the menagerie at St. Leonard's this morning, and to give you a feast in the glade of the Old Road this evening—and you went to bed thinking of leopards and festivals, and dreamed of the same."

"Sure enough, mamma!" exclaimed the child, delighted at the natural interpretation.

"And now go and be dressed, darling," said Mary. "For this is going to be a busy, happy day—we are to have breakfast early, and I am to spend two hours in the library with father—then I am to take all the children riding, and let the little boy see the menagerie, and then return to dinner and give the children their festival this afternoon in the forest glade!"

"Oh, mamma! not there!"

"Yes, Josey! our forest glade is too pretty to be deserted, and we have nearly deserted it—we have not been there since May-day."

"But, oh, mamma! I shall be so miserable all the time!"

"Shall you? Well, then, mamma will not make her little boy miserable on his birth-day—we will go down the hill and have our feast by the Grove-Spring."

"Yes, yes! that is a nice place, we will go there."

"There, now, go, Josey, and send Coral to me," said Mary, and the child went.

That morning again Judge Joseph (as he was often called) stood upon the vestibule of his mansion, while the men, women and children of his plantation thronged to welcome him home, and to receive of his bounty. He dismissed them pleased and grateful, and went into the breakfast-room, where Mary, at the head of the table, awaited him. When breakfast was over, he called her into his study, and there she gave him an account of what she called her administration of the government. The Judge expressed himself highly gratified with his little regent, and as she sat by him half encircled by his left arm, while his right hand held both hers caressingly, he asked her what had been her regulations—her recreations?

"Gardening."

"No, no, *that* is work, little daughter, though very pleasant work, I grant."

"Well, then, reading."

"*That* is *study*, my Mary. Come! the amusements, now, of my little sixteen year old matron."

"Well, then, riding the donkey, driving out with Josey and the babies, walking—and one party—a May-day festival for the neighbor's children."

"And no visiting?"

"Oh, yes! I went once to see old Mrs. Swan."

"An old lady bedridden with paralysis fifteen years!—but, my love, I hope you received visitors at home?"

"Yes. Father Lucas was here twice!"

"My little Mary! Look up here, my child! This will not do! housekeeping and farming, visiting the sick, entertaining priests, and waiting on children! So passes your life! The life of Colonel Carey's orphaned and widowed daughter, a child of sixteen years, left to my charge! So would not Charles Carey have acted by a child of mine so left to him! Mary! you must go out more among young people. You must gather them around you also. You must be joyous, my child, as befits your youth!"

"And my *widowhood*, father? Ah, father, I can be happy! You know I can!—you see I *am*; but it is with the earnest happiness that looks to Heaven for its full completeness. I can be happy, father, but not joyous, except in sympathy with the innocent gaiety of childhood!"

"Mary! such solemn renunciation of the joys of social life might befit a mourner of seventy—not one of sixteen. No, no, Mary! You must not isolate yourself. I have other and happier views and hopes for you! Besides, society in a sparse neighborhood like this has large claims upon a young lady of your rank and station.—Mary! much as I love the lost, I cast no selfish, regretful looks back to the irrevocable Past! I look only to the promising Future. I look to see what good it has in store for *you*—no longer my daughter-in-law, but my daughter, upon whom all my hopes are set!"

"Father, may I ever be a daughter to you! I *will*, as long as you will let me! I will never leave you, *dear* father,—*Joseph's* father!—*for I can never forget!*—and the greatest good I aim at in the future, lies beyond the grave!—a reunion with Joseph in Heaven!"

And Mary dropped her head, weeping, upon the bosom of her father—a *little while*—and then lifting her head, and shaking off the sparkling tears, she smiled, as she said,

"I did not want to cry to-day—it is Josey's birth-day—and I promised him—oh, sir! are you engaged this morning?"

"No, Mary."

"Well, then, perhaps—will you take me and the children a drive to St. Leonard's, and let Josey see the menagerie that is staying there for a few days—if it will be no inconvenience to you, sir?"

"Certainly not, my Mary; on the contrary, I have business there, which will make the jaunt perfectly convenient, as well as agreeable."

They separated—the Judge to order the carriage,—Mary to prepare her children for the drive.

They set out in half-an-hour, reached St. Leonard's in another half-hour's rapid drive over the smooth and level new road, saw the menagerie, did the shopping and the other business, and returned in time for dinner. When Mary entered her chamber to change her dress for dinner, she found upon her dressing table several packets, containing dress patterns, shawls, scarfs, etc., of light and cheerful material, and a note from her father, saying,

"My Mary must now lay aside her mourning, which has so long reproached Divine Providence, and dress herself, as nature now does, in grateful brightness."

Mary could not wear any of the unmade dresses, but, to comply with his request, she arrayed herself in a graceful white crape dress, and threw a light blue silk scarf—one of the new purchases—over her shoulders, and went down to the drawing-room.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the children of the neighborhood assembled to the festival of Prospect Hall. According to agreement, Mary took them down to Grove Spring. This Grove was rather an arm of the forest than an isolated grove, and was freshened and beautified by a clear spring, to which it gave a name. Here were swings and skipping-ropes,—battledores and shuttlecock—graces, and every other conceivable means and appliance of youthful and childish amusement; and here, in various games—in listening to stories—in singing songs, and putting enigmas—in gathering flowers and weaving them into wreaths, or tying them in posies—in chasing butterflies, and then releasing them at Mary's request, the children passed the afternoon, until the sun began to decline in a splendor cloudless as was that of his rising. Then the feast of light bread and butter, cakes, fruit and milk, was spread upon the grass, and the children merrily gathered around it. After the gay and noisy meal was over, Mary proposed to them to return to the house, and prepare to go home, as their parents had sent carriages for them; but, "A dance! a dance first! *one* dance!" pleaded Broke Shields, and the girls seconded him with, "A dance! just *one* dance!" And Mary, with a sigh and a smile, sent for "Uncle Gulliver," who played the fiddle. "Uncle Gull" soon arrived, and began to strum and twang his fiddle strings, "toning the instrument," while the boys took partners.

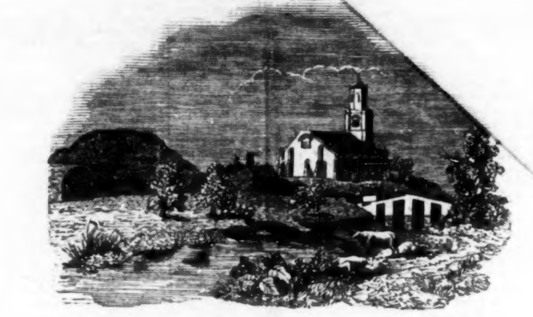
"*Mary* shall dance with *me*—no one *shall* but Mary!" exclaimed Master Broke Shields, with a Sultanic authority. "Give me Ginie, Mary, and let me lay her in the carriage while you dance with *me*."

Mary shook her head gently, but the boy persisted, while the dance was delayed. At last, fearing to detain the children, and wishing the dance over, that they might return home before sunset, with a second sigh and smile, Mary turned and placed her child in the carriage, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard. Mary sprang suddenly forward, and sank slowly, slowly, upon her knee, then upon her side, gasping, with difficulty—

"I am struck!—oh, Heaven!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.



FOTHRINGAY CASTLE.

We present our readers this week with an engraving of Fothringay Castle, where the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotts, was kept imprisoned by her jealous rival, Queen Elizabeth, of England. It was in the court-yard of this castle that Mary expiated her crime of superior beauty to the Virgin Queen, on the scaffold. She died with a calm dignity that became her station.

INDIAN LODGE MAKING.

We have frequently noticed in the Indian country the facility with which the Indians build their bark lodges. Chancing, yesterday, to pass a place of encampment, we had a good opportunity of watching the whole process of building. As soon as the canoe landed, the men, women and children commenced unlading and carrying their traps to the place of encampment, the squaws having the privilege, as from time immemorial among them, of lugging all the heavy and burdensome articles.

The bark for their lodge, consisting of about a dozen pieces, of as many feet in length, and about four feet wide, rolled up like maps, were all taken by a squaw, at one back-load, to the place selected. A dozen small poles, ten or fifteen feet in length, were planted in the ground, in a circle of about ten or fifteen feet in diameter. The tops of those opposite were then bent over and tied with strings of bark, and over these light ribs were spread the sheets of birch bark and mats, with the exception of a small opening at the top for the escape of smoke—and the whole lodge was completed, being a half-sphere in shape.

Thus, in the short space of half-an-hour from the time of landing, this aboriginal domicil was finished, and its lazy proprietor was lounging and smoking on his mat, while his industrious helpmate was bestirring herself with the usual preparations for fire and cooking.—*Lake Superior Journal.*

SENTIMENTAL AUTHORS.—What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of very tender heart; yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.—*Walpole.*

New Inventions.

PAINE'S LIGHT.

As this subject is again exciting a great attention, we have concluded to present our readers this week, with an engraving and description of the whole apparatus, which has been communicated to the Boston Transcript by Mr. Colton of that city. Of course we by no means endorse the alleged discovery—we only present what its friends say in its behalf, that our readers (especially our scientific ones) may clearly perceive what it is Mr. Paine claims. The following is an engraving of the apparatus:

PAINE'S APPARATUS.

H. M. Paine's Apparatus, as described in the following communication:

M. M. Permanent Magnets.	B. Bell-Glass.
H. Revolving Helices.	E. Electrodes.
N. Negative Wire.	T. Jar of Turpentine.
P. P. Positive Wire.	W. Tumbler of Water.
J. Jar of Water.	G. G. Gas Pipes.

MR. COLTON'S DESCRIPTION.

Paine's Hydro-Electric Light. Boston, Jan. 24, 1851. Mr. Editor: Having been favored, in company with Mr. Hase, of this city, Mr. Ames, of Springfield, and Mr. Merrick, President of the Gas Company of that city—with a view of Mr. Paine's apparatus for producing light from water, and of witnessing the whole machinery in operation, as well as operating it myself; I yield to the advice of friends in giving publicity to my observations. Although I have been more or less conversant with chemistry and chemical experiments, for the past eight years,—yet, let it not be supposed that I consider myself deeply learned in these matters, because I venture to write upon a subject so full of mysteries and apparent contradictions as Mr. Paine's light. This article is not intended exclusively for the scientific, but for the general reader; and I shall endeavor to give such explanations of the apparatus used by Mr. Paine, that all can understand it.

Mr. Paine claims, among other things, to have discovered a means of increasing the power of a magneto-electric machine, to such an extent that he can decompose water rapidly with it; that he can take a jar of water, and, by means of the electricity induced by this machine, can convert *the whole of it into hydrogen gas*, without the production of any *oxygen* whatever. He claims, also, that by changing the electrical poles, he can convert the whole of the jar of water into *oxygen* gas, without producing any hydrogen. That, after producing the hydrogen, as above, and passing it through spirits of turpentine, it becomes *catalized*, and then will burn with a clear and brilliant flame—and this too without any loss to the turpentine by the passage of the gas through it. In regard to Light, independent of the other applications of the power, Mr. Paine claims to have discovered a means of producing it from water, by electricity at a cost infinitely less than any mode now in operation.

The above are startling propositions,—*can Mr. Paine demonstrate them by practical experiments?* The object of this article, is to describe the apparatus used, and the result of the experiments, as they appeared to *me*. I shall not advance or defend any theory.

Before giving the result of the experiments, let me describe the apparatus. This consists of four pieces, all placed upon a pine table or shelf, and in no ways connected with anything else.

First—A common Magneto-Electric Machine, consisting of two permanent horse-shoe magnets about *twelve inches* long. These were placed horizontally on a mahogany frame, about *four* inches apart, one being placed above the other. Between the ends of these magnets were a pair of *helices*, and these so attached to a wheel above, that they could be set into a rapid rotary motion. The peculiar construction of these helices, from which the immensely increased power is said to be obtained, I will hereafter describe.

Second—A large open mouth Glass Jar, capable of holding twelve quarts. This was a little more than half filled with water. (We tasted the water to satisfy ourselves that it *was* water.)—Within this jar was placed a common bell-glass, open at the bottom, and reaching within four inches of the bottom of the large jar. The top of the bell-glass was closed tightly with a brass cap, which extended over it, so as to rest upon the sides of the outer jar. Passing through the cap of the bell-glass, were two *wires*, which extended down nearly to the bottom of the bell-glass, and these terminated in a circular metallic box, one and a half inches long, and one inch in diameter. This box was hollow, and perforated with small holes in the upper part. The *electrodes* or points of connection between the poles, were in this box. The water in the jar and bell-glass, reached some six inches above the electrodes.

Third—A quart glass jar, half filled with spirits of turpentine. A tube or gas-pipe passed from the top of the bell-glass, (above mentioned) and into this jar of turpentine, terminating at the bottom of the turpentine. From the cap which covered the jar of turpentine, another tube or gas-pipe passed to a jet or burner, about twelve inches from the jar.

Fourth—A common glass tumbler half filled with water.

The above comprised all the apparatus used by Mr. Paine, with the exception of three wires, or rather flat strips of copper, by which he connected the Magneto-Electric Machine, with the jar of water. These wires were connected in the following peculiar manner: The end of one wire was screwed to the *negative* pole of the magnetic machine; and the other end, to the first of the wires coming up from the *electrodes* through the top of the bell-glass. A second wire was screwed to the *positive* pole of the magnetic machine, with the other end terminating in the glass of water above mentioned. The third wire was screwed to the bell-glass, or rather the second wire which passes through it from the electrodes within, and terminating in the same glass of water, although the wires in the glass did not touch each other. I have spoken of these as *wires*—they were not wires—but merely thin strips of copper, having the appearance of being rolled out from wire.

Now for the operation of the machinery. Mr. Paine commenced turning the wheel in the magneto-Electric Machine, and we all looked to see the gas arise from the *electrodes* in the jar of water—but no gas appeared. Mr. Paine was surprised—we were all surprised. At length Mr. Ames discovered that one of the wires, or copper ribbons had been detached, or had not been screwed on to the wire at the top of the bell-glass.—This being corrected, Mr. Paine again commenced turning the machine, and instantly large bubbles of gas arose from the electrodes, and *filled the jar in less than a minute!* After taking out a stopper from the bell-glass, and allowing several jars full of gas to escape, in order to expel the common air, and prevent an explosion, these were stopped, and the gas forced on through the gas-pipe into the turpentine; and through this to the jet or burner. Between the jar of water where the gas was generated, and the jar of turpentine, a jet issued from the pipe. This was lighted, and proved to be hydrogen gas. The flame, in front of the window, was so pale that it could not be perceived. We could see it by placing a dark body behind it. While this was burning, the gas was forced along through the turpentine to the other burner. A flame was applied to this, *and a brilliant light was shown!*

Here were two flames, burning at the same time, from the same gas—the first, before passing through the turpentine, burning with a pale, almost imperceptible light,—the second, after passing through the turpentine, burning with a light superior to any gas that I ever saw before. When the Magnetic Machine was stopped, not a bubble of gas would appear in the jar, and the lights went out. This small machine generated gas enough to supply a dozen burners, any one of which I should think sufficient to light a room.

Now, it will naturally be asked, "Could not this tremendous electrical power which decomposed the water, be obtained from some other source, than the magnetic machine?" This question occurred to me before I saw the operation; and I determined if possible, to satisfy myself upon the subject. I, therefore, with Mr. Paine's full permission, examined the table. I could easily see that no wires or pipes entered the glass jar of turpentine, or the glass jar of water, except the two connected with the magnetic machine. It was therefore to the magnetic machine, that my attention was mainly directed. This machine I took up, and lifted it entirely away from the table—saw that no wires, pipes, or metallic substances whatever had any connection with it from the table. I placed the machine again on the table and turned the crank, and produced the gas in the jar, in the same manner and with the same success that Mr. Paine had done. Mr. Ames and Mr. Merrick did the same, and we were all satisfied; *perfectly satisfied that the water was decomposed by the electricity from the magnetic machine, and no where else.* To deny this, we must deny the evidence of our own senses. The gas was also produced faster, by a thousand—yes, ten thousand times, than we had ever seen it before by a similar apparatus! We had also the most positive evidence, that the gas, after passing through turpentine, furnished a brilliant light. The gas produced *appeared* to be hydrogen—we judged by the smell, and the burning;—and yet, *Mr. Paine said, although he called it hydrogen gas, it differed from the ordinary hydrogen.* I asked Mr. Paine why he interrupted the *positive pole* by the glass of water,—why he cut this wire in two; and placed the ends in the glass of water? He said that unless this was done, both *hydrogen* and *oxygen* would be generated in the bell-glass; but that by this means, he only obtained the hydrogen. There appeared to be no oxygen generated by the operation.

As to the amount of turpentine consumed by passing the gas through it, it was impossible for us to determine in the short time—an hour—we were engaged in generating and burning the gas. Mr. Paine stated that the gas was not *carbonized*, but was *catalized* in passing through the turpentine, and there was no loss to the turpentine by the process. Several gentlemen of high standing in Worcester, a few days previous to our visit, purchased at a store, a small quantity of turpentine, measuring it accurately; which they took to Mr. Paine's establishment, and passed the gas, produced by three sets of magnets, though it, for several hours, lighting the whole of Mr. Paine's house. The turpentine was again measured at the close, and found to have lost but a tea-spoonfull,—only as much as would be lost by evaporation and by turning it from one vessel into another. A certificate was published to that effect.

The Helices. Mr. Paine claims that, by an improved construction of the helices in the Magneto-Electric Machine, he has increased the electrical power of that instrument infinitely, say—*ten thousand fold*—sufficient to produce the wonderful results above described. The peculiar construction of these helices were shown to us, and explained. Before describing them, I should make a remark respecting the *ordinary* helices of a magneto-electric machine. It is well-known that the power of an electro-magnetic machine, with the ordinary helices, up to a certain point, depends *upon the amount of surface of insulated copper wire in the helices.* It is only upon the *surface* of this wire, that the electricity can be conducted.

Mr. Paine's helices differ from the above in this,—that the wire which forms the coil is *made hollow*, being formed by twisting or winding very thin strips of copper, *forming it into a tube.*—This wire or tube is then covered with India Rubber or Gutta Percha to insulate it; *and then filled with water.* This water within the wire, forming the helices, is so arranged as to be brought in contact with the current of electricity induced from the magnets—in the same manner as the wire that surrounds it. Faraday has established the fact, that a very small quantity of water is capable of containing a vast amount of electricity—I think he says that a single drop of water will contain as much electricity as a thunder cloud—sufficient to burst off the gable end of a house. Just in proportion as the power of the helices is increased to *induce* or *receive* the electric current, so is its power increased to give it off.

Now look at Mr. Paine's arrangement. In the first place, he has a double surface of wire exposed in the helices—an outer and an inner surface. In the next place, he has half a pint of water revolving in his helices,—a substance *capable of containing a thousand—yes, ten thousand fold more electricity, than the same bulk of copper wire.* (The above description of Mr. Paine's helices, I have given with his full consent and approbation.)

To this improvement in the construction of the helices, Mr. Paine claims to have increased the power of the Magneto-Electric Machine, so as to produce the wonderful results above described. The experiments which we saw, and in which I think we *could not* be mistaken, would go to show the claim of Mr. Paine to be well founded.

I have here given a plain statement of facts, as they were shown and explained to us; and leave every one to draw his own conclusions. Whether Mr. Paine can apply his improvement practically on a large scale, sufficient to light cities,—whether he has discovered "*perpetual motion*,"—whether he has discovered a substitute for all other motive power, and for all other heat; as well as many other things which are claimed for him, are questions, involving more difficulties, than I feel, at present competent to solve. I am far from denying, however, that he can do all these things.

Yours, respectfully,
G. Q. COLTON.

The Boston Transcript further says, in a later number than that from which the above letter is quoted:

"One fact respecting this discussion is worthy of note—namely—*that since Mr. Paine has shown and explained his helices*, among the hundreds who have seen the apparatus, and witnessed its operation, not one has denounced the claim of Mr. Paine. Among the number, have been many men of distinguished scientific attainments. The experiments have been conducted openly and fairly, and under circumstances that left no doubt as to their genuineness.—A few have doubted whether Mr. Paine could generate *as much* hydrogen as he claims—others have doubted whether, by increasing the size of the Magneto-Electric Machine, a corresponding increase of power would be obtained. These are questions to be settled by practical experiments, or by those more familiar with chemical science than ourselves. All who have *seen* the apparatus work, admit that Mr. Paine has made one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. All the apparatus used by Mr. Paine in demonstrating the subject, is reported above—the whole being placed on a table.

"We learn from the Worcester Spy, that Mr. Paine received, by the last steamer from England, his letters patent which secure to him and his associates the benefits to be derived for his grand discovery by the people of Great Britain."

Clippings.

☞ At the South of Hungary, there being no money, except paper, which is now too worthless to be used, the peasants have resorted to a system of exchanges like that in the rudest stages of society.

☞ The London correspondent of the Liverpool Albion states that Lord Brougham has lost his sight, partly caused by a painful bodily infirmity with which the noble lord was afflicted.

☞ Fredrika Bremer and Jenny Lind wrote lately in a mutual friend's album. The following is given, by the Express, as the contribution of 'the nightingale:'

"In vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry for God.
At rest be sure I cannot be,
Until my heart finds rest in Thee."

☞ Philadelphia pays over thirty per cent. of the whole amount of taxes raised in the State of Pennsylvania.

☞ A political orator wittily compared our party promises to Western roads, which opened stately enough with planted trees on either side, to tempt the traveller, but soon became narrower and narrower, and ended in a squirrel-track, and ran up a tree.

☞ It is stated that over 1,200 petitions are now before Congress, signed by upwards of 100,000 citizens of the United States, praying for a uniform postage on letters of two cents, prepaid and one cent on newspapers. There is a good prospect that a reduction of some kind will be made, at the present session.

☞ The Texas Flag advocates the creation of a new State out of Eastern Texas.

☞ The Government of Mexico has appointed "Wild Cat," the Indian chief, magistrate over a territory adjoining Texas, where he has settled with a colony of free blacks and Indians to cultivate the land.

☞ It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that "a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure."

☞ I compare the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, I call the wires; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

☞ A singular instance of resuscitation occurred lately at the British Museum, which, however strange it may seem, actually occurred. A certain snail, a native of Egypt, which had been glued down to a card during the past four years, and confined in a close glass case, actually came to life the other day, and was found by the astonished "custos" promenading about his narrow domain.

☞ *Belvidera.*—It seems cruel to kill so many animals for fur, thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us!

Emily.—Yes, it is cruel. Why don't the monsters take their skins off *without killing them?*

☞ It is said there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silkworm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of the statement can *easily* satisfy himself by counting them!

☞ A Cool Reply.—An Indian prince, remarkable for his pride and ill-humor, once walking to the window of his presence chamber, with a foreign ambassador, said to him,

"Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street?"

"It may be so," was the reply; "but probably it was not the fashion then, as it is now, for ambassadors to wear swords."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1851.

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MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NOVELET.

We are still able to supply the early numbers of "Virginia and Magdalene," though our stock is rapidly decreasing. "First comers will be first served," as usual.

LIGHT FROM WATER.

In addition to the full description in another place of Mr. Paine's alleged discovery of a Hydro-Electric Light, we must call the attention of our readers this week to a mode of manufacturing gas from water, now attracting considerable attention in Paris. The Parisian mode is, however, very inferior to Mr. Paine's—that is, if the latter truly be what it purports to be, which we still greatly doubt. The French method is as follows:

Mr. Gillard, by a simple and cheap method, makes pure hydrogen. Steam is passed into an air-tight iron retort, exactly like those in gas establishments; the bottom of the retort, covered with a layer of charcoal, to the depth of a foot or so, the retort is heated to a bright red. The chemical action is simple; the oxygen of the water combining with the charcoal, forming carbonic acid, and passing with the hydrogen into a chamber containing lime. Here the carbonic acid combines with the lime, forming carbonate of lime, and the pure hydrogen being liberated, passes off. The advantages of this manufacture over that of coal or oil in point of method and expense, are too apparent to be dwelt upon. Upon turning a stop-cock and applying a match, it burns instantly with a bluish flame, not unlike alcohol. The flame is changed to a white color by a very simple process. Imagine a *thin filigree cap of platina*, shaped like the wick of a mechanical or solar lamp, about three quarters of an inch high, to be fitted to an ordinary gas burner. When this is in place, its whole surface is dazzlingly white, and gives a light equal to fifteen candles. The height of this netted tube cannot be increased, but its *diameter* can be enlarged to any extent, and the light of course in the same proportion. There is no sensible flame—no smoke—not the smallest odor. It does not flicker, and in all these particulars possesses an immense advantage over coal gas. There is no *humbug* about it. It was before our eyes, burning *blue* without the platina apparatus—changing to *white* upon contact with it. You can turn it on or off—use little or much at your convenience.

The gas produced in the above way is adapted for heating and culinary purposes, as well as for light. The inventor says the expense of heating a drawing-room (probably in not very cold weather) is about a cent a day. In regard to light, he says the water gas costs only about one-fourth as much as the gas now in use. Hear, oh ye extortionate gas companies! hear, and tremble! The heat from this gas is also said to be very moist—not dry and parching like that from anthracite coal. While for culinary purposes, the gas-stove is reported to work like a charm—cooking is elevated by it from the common prose of sweat and drudgery, almost to the very poetry and romance of one of the fine arts. Patents have been obtained for all the countries of Europe, and for the United States; and in Manchester it is said the work has been successfully commenced. In the course of a month, a Philadelphia gentleman, now in Paris, will return home with the requisite authority from the Patentee, to introduce the manufacture of Hydrogen for Light, etc., into the United States.

And, really, these strainings of the human mind in one direction, seem almost to prove that a great discovery is drawing the inventive faculty with magnetic power towards it, even if that discovery still lies unseen in some dark recess of nature. The impression seems to be deepening now upon the public mind with every day, that the career of invention has but just begun—that steam is but a weak and lumbering giant to others of its brethren. That some of these latter, of more etherial and yet more powerful make, await anxiously the moment of introduction to man. And may not this impression be of the nature of a prophecy? We are strongly inclined to believe so. And if so, what visions of power and greatness and refinement, flash before the imaginative mind.

But all material progress must be in proportion to our spiritual advancement. We do not agree in the least with those who think that while the world is progressing materially, it is degenerating spiritually. This can never be. For just in proportion as mankind learns to use power over nature aright, will such power be given it—and just in proportion as it abuses its power, will that power be withdrawn. To give great power over nature to a carnally minded people, would be to injure, and not to benefit them. It is for the good of such that in the sweat of their brows they shall eat bread—that the struggle to obtain a subsistence shall engross their chief energies. Leisure is a curse to a sensual people. But as the world becomes spiritual minded, a release from excessive physical labor tends to its spiritual good. And steam, and other more powerful and etherial agents, are doubtless given, and will be given more and more, to raise the masses of men above the drudgery and consequent coarseness of continual toil. But we must learn to use these great agents for the good of the whole, and not alone for the good of a class. Much less must they be put in terrible competition with human sinews, and thus still further enslave, instead of emancipating, the masses of men. But the subject opens before us where we cannot at present follow. One idea, however, will lead the reader, without our pilotage, through an infinite field of thought—it is this: Righteousness exalteth a nation alike in material as in spiritual things—and the fear of God is the beginning of earthly as well as of heavenly wisdom.

FLAX-COTTON.

As we suspected, it will not do to receive the recent accounts from Great Britain relative to Flax-Cotton, with too implicit faith. Having given the enthusiastic story of those who have faith in the new discovery, we will now give the statement of the doubters—which latter naturally travels slower, and has reached us later, than the former.

The "Manchester (England) Guardian," a paper which, being located in the great Cotton Manufacturing District, ought to know of what it is talking, says:

We cannot learn that a single ounce of yarn has been so spun; all that we can ascertain is, that one attempt has been made near Ashton-under-Lyne, which failed entirely; that a firm of fine spinners near Bolton, who had been requested to make another experiment, were satisfied, when they saw the material, that it was altogether unsuited for their machinery; and that it has since been sent to a firm of spinners and manufacturers, at Rochdale, who have not, we believe, yet made any report upon it.

The opinion of this Manchester paper, founded upon the statement of those who have seen the Flax-Cotton, is that, considered as a substitute for cotton, it will probably be found an entire failure—although it may possibly prove to be, to some extent, applicable in the production of very cheap and coarse yarn.

We also notice a statement that a similar experiment was tried in New Jersey, some years ago, which nearly ruined the enterprising experimenter, Judge Barnes, formerly of Philadelphia. He succeeded, we believe, in preparing the flax without steeping, but it was found impossible to adapt it to spinning purposes. That this difficulty will some day be overcome, is very probable—but, whether it has been yet done, is the question.

Must be a Mistake.—We see some accounts in the daily papers of a great dinner said to have been recently given in this city. As we heard nothing about the affair *officially*, we judge there must be some mistake about it.

THE NO-FLOGGING SYSTEM.

We are pleased to perceive that our Naval friends—having ascertained that the country will, under no circumstances, return to the old flogging system—are about making the best of the new and improved order of things. The Naval Board have recommended a system of punishments and rewards, as a fitting substitute for the lash. The punishments consist of a diminution of rations, extra duty, diminution of pay (fines,) confinement at bread and water, imprisonment in irons, and death. The rewards to consist of preferment in future enlistments, extra pay, promotion, extra liberty on shore, claim to be taken care of in hospitals, and half pay for life, after twenty years' faithful service. Now this looks something like a system—civilized punishments for the wrong-doer; civilized rewards for him who does well. One more reform must be made, sooner or later—the opening the doors of promotion to merit, even up to the very highest grade. Of course we do not suppose that a common sailor would often become a Commodore—but the mere possibility of such a thing would exert a great and favourable influence upon the minds of the most influential among the men. Besides, the thing is theoretically just and right—it is in strict harmony with our Republican institutions—and therefore should be adopted in practice.

As to the workings of the no-flogging system so far, a letter to the editors of the Norfolk Herald, from a correspondent on board of the U. S. ship St. Mary's, dated Funchal Roads, Madeira, November 14th, gives promise that the substitution of a milder code will be attended with the happiest consequences. The writer says:

"It will be recollected that this ship was the first that sailed from the U. S. under the new act abolishing the inhuman practice of flogging in our national vessels. Thus far our crew have shown that seamen are capable of being better governed by kindness than the degrading severity of the old law, as not more than two or three cases of violation of discipline have been reported to Capt. McGruder since the ship has been in commission.

"A word or two in regard to our officers: they are gentlemen in every sense of the word; and wherever the example of our commander is followed, not only will there be no excuse for flogging, but "Poor Jack" may bless his lucky stars in being under such command—as his constant aim has been to make us all contented and happy."

Yes, if the officers will behave like gentlemen towards the men—remembering that it is *meaner* to insult an inferior than an equal—we have no doubt that the great majority of our seamen will do their duty; while the small minority of refractory spirits, can be effectually tamed by fines, extra duty, and confinement on bread and water.

DOMESTICS NEEDED.

One of our subscribers in Elizabethtown, Marshall County, Virginia, informs us that domestic help is much needed in that section. He says that hundreds of foreign emigrants are arriving almost daily in the eastern cities, and cannot find employment, while the housekeepers in the West are greatly in want of domestic assistance. He believes he could obtain comfortable homes for twenty-five or thirty females, "acquainted with housework," in Elizabethtown itself.

We make a public note of this matter, at his request, in order that emigrants may be encouraged not to linger in the cities, but push on at once into the country. Here they are not wanted—in the West their assistance is greatly needed. We believe the "Emigrants' Friend Society," of this city, was organized with direct reference to supplying the country demand.

We were a little amused, however, with that sentence in our correspondent's letter, which seemed to require that the domestics needed should be "*acquainted with housework.*" You will not find many female emigrants of that kind, friend B. As a general thing they will have to be taught—and, as another general rule, just about the time you get them instructed in American ways sufficiently to be a little useful, they will give you notice that they design either getting married, or trying some other place. We in the cities are so used to this thing, that we never think of complaining—any more than we should of a stormy day. We, or the wise ones among us, have learned the philosophy of making the most of our help, and never allowing trifles—like dirty knives and tumblers, and long hairs in the gravy—to part us. We look forward hopefully to the time when domestics shall not be needed—but steam, or electro-magnetism, or some other wonderful motive power, do all the household work.

In conclusion, we hope that our friends in Western Virginia will soon get the Emigrant help so much needed, and be endowed with sufficient patience to make the best of all its shortcomings.

THE LIVERPOOL VOLCANO

The Town Council of Liverpool have been moving in relation to the immense Powder Magazines near that city, referred to in our last paper. It appears, however, that the parties owning the Magazines, have a lease from the Council for 45 years—and the compensation demanded by them for giving it up would doubtless be enormous, as their profits are estimated at $50,000 a year from the monopoly alone. The place could not be removed as a nuisance, under two years. After a fruitless interview with the proprietors of the magazines, the Council are of opinion that an Act of Parliament will be required to remove the danger. We have met with the following additional facts relative to the possibility and effects of an explosion.

An explosion at Leyden of about a fiftieth part of what is deposited at Liverpool, is said to have blown down 400 houses, and there are many other examples, which leave little doubt as to the excuse in this case for the most extreme apprehension. It appears, also, that about 40,000 barrels are delivered yearly from the magazines to boats on the river, that the wheels of the carts which convey them have tires of iron, that the horses are shod with the same metal, and that sometimes powder is sprinkled from leaky casks as they go along. Two or three years ago a house was burnt down within 50 yards of the magazines, but the wind happened to set in an opposite direction. Recently a house was struck by lightning in their neighborhood, and it has more than once occurred, that when cotton warehouses have been burnt down lighted flakes have been blown over and beyond them.

CARBONATE OF SODA.

This alkali has been considerably used of late in cooking, and for the purpose of neutralizing the acidity of malt liquors; and the question of its healthfulness has been a subject of anxious consideration. We see in the last Medical Examiner, a curious case of the daily and profuse use of Carbonate of Soda for sixteen years, as a remedy for dyspepsia. It was taken by a middle aged man of temperate habits, who supposed it to be an innocent cure for his complaint, and increased the quantity gradually until he took half a hundred weight yearly, or rather more than two ounces every day. During all this time he never complained of severe illness nor suspected harm from the medicine; but after sixteen years continuation in this course, he suddenly dropped dead in the streets of Bath. A post-mortem examination satisfied the physicians that "the fatal attack was one of syncope, produced by the attenuation of the circulating mass by the long continued use of the alkali."

This fatal result of the immoderate use of Soda, though not positive proof that small quantities are injurious, is yet a warning example to show that it should be sparingly and cautiously admitted into articles of food.

TURNIP CAMELIAS.

We were amused to see, last week, in one of our city contemporaries, quite a spirited flare-up between two correspondents, as to the rival decorations of their respective churches on the recent holydays. One says that *their* "pure white camelias" were "*real* flowers"—he continues:

We say *real*, because here there were no paper imitations, no muslin trumpery, or even (as it was hinted was done in another church) *turnip camelias*, or camelias made from wax, paper, muslin, or any other substance.

Whereupon the member of the "other church" supposed to be referred to, who uses the Christian signature of "Defiance," boldly demands of his antagonist—the "*wordy, flowery and valiant 'Civis'*"—to "name the church which use' turnip camelias"—with an implied "if you dare!"

Truly this quarrel is almost equal to the famous one between the rival musquetos: "Did you turn your sting towards me?" "If you choose to take it so, you may." A quarrel about "*turnip* camelias;" we are afraid the disputants must belong to a very small class of another vegetable family.

IMPOSTORS AND DUPES.

It appears that several advertisements have recently appeared in the New York papers, in which the advertisers offer to perform certain very desirable things—such as imparting "plain directions to enable ladies and gentlemen to win the devoted attentions of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire"—all for one dollar, duly enclosed to the possessors of the miraculous powers in question. A correspondent of the Bulletin, of this city, having, in common with some of his friends, a wish to unravel this mystery, addressed a letter in accordance with the directions, and received an answer which, after some difficulty, was interpreted as follows:

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

Judging from certain long advertisements which appear conspicuously in the daily papers of this city, the above adage is strictly true as applied to our city as well as to New York.—There must be plenty of dupes to enable impostors to pay such heavy advertising bills.

COBDEN CHALLENGED.

Mr. Cobden, the great English Free Trader and advocate of Peace, was recently challenged to fight a duel, by Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings. It appears that Mr. Bright—one of Cobden's friends—at a recent peace meeting, ridiculed Sir Thomas, and stated that "the only authority upon which a British Admiral anticipated war between England and France was the Bishop of Madagascar." Sir Thomas wrote to Mr. Bright and demanded his authority for making such a statement. Mr. Bright replied that Mr. Cobden was his authority. Cobden justified Mr. Bright's words, with the exception that he should have said the Bishop of Japan, instead of Madagascar. Whereupon the irascible Admiral actually was foolish enough to challenge a Peace Apostle.—Mr. Cobden received the missive on a Sunday morning, but, allowing his adversary time to cool, (as we suppose), did not reply to it till Wednesday. He then writes:

"I understand you to propose that we should lay down our pens, and have a personal interview, not to talk over the matter in dispute, but to take our stand at twelve paces apart, with pistols in hand, and endeavor to blow out each other's brains."

Mr. Cobden goes on to say that he is quite satisfied that half an ounce of lead is sufficient to extinguish, in a moment, "all powers of reason, all sense of justice and every religious sentiment;" and he is at a loss to know *how such a process would satisfy him that he had acted unjustly towards Sir Thomas, or convince Sir Thomas of the contrary.* He then gives his grounds for making and reiterating the assertion which had given offence, and closes by advising Sir Thomas that if, unable to restrain the outrage of an irascible temper, he must challenge another member of Parliament, merely because a member made a mistake in a word in a long speech, he had better retire from the public service into his own domestic circle!

AN ANECDOTE.

We derive the following anecdote from a late number of the "Church News."

In the January number of "Graham's Magazine," is an engraving of Union Park, New York, including an elegant Church of Dr. Cheever, with two towers—one of which belongs to what is properly called the irregular order of architecture.

Dr. Cheever, it seems, while travelling in Europe, saw a Church, which so pleased him, that he brought home plans and sketches of it, from which this one was designed. But what was the surprise of the Doctor's congregation, when, some time after the completion (as they thought) of their Church, they received a petition from the European Church, of which it is a copy, asking for aid to *finish* the tower whose irregular proportions had been copied as a beauty. Since seeing this anecdote we have looked at the engraving more than once, without being able to decide whether the Church would look better or not, if the second tower was made to correspond with the first one, as originally designed by the European architect.

GAS.

By trial and comparison by one of the corporations in Lowell, it has been ascertained that the expense of burning gas is about 30 per cent. greater than that of oil.

According to our experience, gas is *cheaper*, instead of 30 per cent dearer than oil—that is, if the same amount of light be required from each. If you put the full head of gas on, and thus get three or four times as much light as you would get from a common lamp, probably the gas will be somewhat dearer. It may be, however, that gas is sold higher in Lowell than in Philadelphia, though that is hardly possible.

A Spiritual Agent.—We see it stated that the well-known Mr. Sunderland, who is now employed in superintending exhibitions of the "knocking spirits," also publishes a paper which he calls the "Spiritual Philosopher." It seems that he has succeeded in enlisting one of the spirits as an agent to extend the circulation of his paper, for a visitor says:—"The question was frequently asked by one and another of the persons present. What would you have me do? and the answer from the spirits ofteq was, 'Take the Spiritual Philosopher.'"

Calcined Magnesia.—We would call the attention of our readers to Mr. Husband's advertisement of a superior article of Calcined Magnesia, on the third page.

New Publications.

SERIALS.

We have received Nos. 25 and 26 of the "History of All Nations," by S. G. Goodrich, (Peter Parley) that old friend of children, to whom they are indebted for so much entertainment and instruction. The head of a family could hardly do a better thing for his young people than to take for them these regular instalments of the world's history, illustrated with numerous good engravings.

Littell's Living Age, No. 347, opens with an interesting "Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England." This appeal in favor of a neglected class of esculents will, however, meet with more attention from the needy populace of Britain than from those who are revelling amid the abundance of America.

We have received the October No. of the "Vegetarian Messenger," the organ of a society in London, for the promotion of Vegetable Diet. It contains much eloquent talk to prove the high physical perfection, the purity of body, and general immunity from disease which would be secured by abstinence from animal food. This would all be very pleasant, *if true*, but unfortunately there are two sides to the question.

The Medical Examiner, for January, 1851, comes to us enlarged and improved, and with an additional editor in the person of J. B. Biddle, M. D., the originator, and for many years the editor and publisher of the Examiner. We should think it would be extensively patronized by the Faculty, who must perceive the advantage or rather the necessity of keeping themselves regularly booked up in all the discoveries of Medical Science.

We have received No. 30 of the Boston Edition of Shakspeare. It contains the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, and a fine picture of Portia, with a countenance and bearing worthy of the noble wife of Brutus.

No. 22 of the Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine-work and Engineering, has been received. It contains 47 pages of valuable information, with numerous explanatory drawings. Edited by Oliver Byrne, and sold by G. S. Appleton, Phila.

Received, from T. B. Peterson, the Whig Almanac. Price 12½ cts.

The Sixth Annual Report of the Northern Association for the Relief and Employment of Poor Women, gives an encouraging account of the successful action of the Society. At the House, No. 242 Green Street, Philadelphia, all kinds of Quilting, Plain Sewing, &c., are done. Persons can also be supplied with substantial under clothing, such as Shirts, Drawers, &c. Housekeepers, by having their quilting, &c., done by the poor women under the care of the Association, may save themselves much unpleasant labor, and aid the indigent at the same time.

Shannondale. By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth, author of "Retribution; or, The Vale of Shadows," "The Deserted Wife," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Phila: G. S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut street. Also for sale by T. B. Peterson.

This novel, the weekly instalments of which were so much sought after when published in our paper, is now presented to the public in book form. The opening chapter, "The Vale of Shannondale," is a charming picture, which, we should think, would attract to the spot a crowd of summer tourists. The very reading of it is refreshing to sense and spirit, as if the airs of another Eden were fanning your brow. The characters of Claude Vellemonte and Imogene Sommerfield form the leading interest of the book; they are powerfully drawn and gorgeously colored; and their mutual love, passing triumphantly through the blackness of a *fate that* touches the very gates of despair, emerges into such a blaze of prosperity, crowned with such ecstatic bliss, as would fully satisfy the most romantic aspirant after earthly happiness. The character of Sina Hinton—the female villain of the book—is also portrayed in a truly masterly manner; and the reader is pleased to find that, with all her marvellous cunning, truth and virtue are too much for her at last. But, as the great mass of our readers doubtless read the work on its appearance in the Post, this notice is almost unnecessary. To those who have joined the ranks of our subscribers within the last two months, we may say that Shannondale is a story displaying very high powers of mind, and of thrilling interest.—We had almost forgotten to mention that it is dedicated to Captain John B. Nevitt, of Clermont Hall, Mississippi, who, it appears, is an uncle of the gifted author.

Graham's Magazine.

This magazine for February opens with a fine steel engraving called "Haidee." There are two Fashion Plates in Graham's superior style, and a richly colored bouquet of flowers, with a Humming bird perched like a gay, winged flower among them. The contributors are Lowell, Longfellow, J. G. Saxe, (the best piece of writing we have ever seen of his,) R. H. Stoddard, Grace Greenwood, Alice B. Neal, Geo. D. Prentice, and other well known and popular authors. There is also a gracefully written essay on the "Fine Arts," displaying taste and judgment.

Olive. A Novel. By the author of "The Ogilvies." New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

This is such a novel as young people particularly like, written in an enthusiastic, poetical style; take, for instance, this picture of a man meeting his early love, after thirty years' separation:

He looked at her as she sat in serene, subdued age, by the light of her own hearth—life's trials conquered—life's duties fulfilled—and she appeared not less divine a creature than the Alison Balfour who had trod the mountains full of joy, and hope, and energy. Holy and beautiful she had seemed to him in her youth; and though every shadow of that beautiful idealization, once called love, was gone, still holy and beautiful she seemed to him in her age.

We quote a passage describing an interview of the heroine with one whom she has long vainly loved:

Olive staid behind. She had [illegible] to go and meet him, as his mother did, [illegible] that she [illegible] wild throb, her heart sunk, [illegible] could hardly stand.

His voice—his long [illegible] voice! Hearing it, the old, passionate [illegible] came over her. She felt, now, that she [illegible] the side of her woman's nature [illegible] I have his, too, or die.— The whole passion [illegible] at last. She shuddered, was breaking [illegible] of fear.

even with [illegible] "save me from myself! Heaven keep him at peace and pure! Perhaps he will [illegible] himself to love me, or does not wish me to love him. I have thought so sometimes. Then, rather than pain him, I will hide it eternally! Yes, I am quite calm,—quite ready to meet him now!"

And she felt herself growing all white and cold as she stood. The door opened, and Harold came in alone. Not one step could she advance to meet him—not one word of welcome fell from her lips, nor from his, which were pale as her own. But as he clasped her hands and held them fast, she felt him gazing down upon her—now, for the first time, beginning to read her long-tried, long-patient heart. Something in that look was drawing her closer to him—something that bade her lean forward to his breast, and call him "Harold." It might have happened so—that moment might have proved the crowning moment of life, which blends two hearts of man and woman into one love, making their being complete and all perfect, as God meant it should be.

But at the same instant Mrs. Gwynne came in. Their hands fell from one another. Harold quitted Olive's side, and began talking to his mother.

Olive stood by herself in the window. She felt as if her whole destiny was changing—melting from cloud to glory—like the sunset she had watched an hour before. Whatever was the mystery that had kept him silent—whether he would ever ask her to be his wife or no—she believed that in the secret depth of his heart Harold loved her. Once she had thought, that were this knowledge true, it would surely overpower her reason. Now, it came with such a solemnity, that all agitation ceased. Her hands were folded on her heart, her eyes looked heavenward. Her prayer was, "Oh, God, if this should be even on earth, make me worthy of my happiness—worthy of him! If not, keep us both safe until the eternal meeting!"

Then, all emotion having passed away, she went back quietly to Harold and his mother.

They were sitting together on the sofa, Harold holding his mother's hand in one of his.—When Olive approached, he stretched out his other, with a smile of beautiful home-affection, saying,

"Come to us, little Olive,—come! Shall she, my mother?"

"Yes," was Mrs. Gwynne's low answer.

But Olive heard it. It was the lonely heart's first welcome home.

For an hour afterward she sat by Harold's side, in the gathering darkness, feeling her hand safe clasped in his. Never was there any clasp like Harold's—so firm, yet soft—so gentle, yet so close and warm. It filled her with a sense of rest and protection—she, so long tossed about in the weary world. Once or twice she moved her hand, but only to lay it again in his, and feel his welcoming fingers close over it, as if to say,—"Mine—mine—always mine!"

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon. Founded on the Larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund. With Additions and corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By E. A. Andrews, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

This is one of those ponderous volumes which it almost puzzles one how any man can find time and patience in this busy, progressive age, to write, much more correct and publish. But in accordance with the old saying that "it takes all kinds of men to make a world," men who like this species of learned plodding are to be found—and well is it for mankind, that such is the case.

The basis of this work is a translation of Dr. Freund's Latin-German Lexicon in four volumes. This has been corrected by a number of other Lexicons, and the whole condensed within the convenient limits of one volume, so as to preserve everything of real importance for general use. We commend the work to the attention and examination of scholars.

The Family and Ship Domestic Chest Companion; being a compendium of domestic medicine, surgery, and materia medica; with directions for the diet and management of the sick room. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a full and comprehensive book of its kind, containing clear, practical directions for the administering of medicines and the treatment of diseases and accidents according to the regular practice, and calculated to be highly useful in the absence of a physician. Much of the book is of a character to be universally interesting; conveying important suggestions for the preservation of health. The public demand for knowledge in these matters of vital interest has, of late, become imperative, and this work is one among the many instances of condescension from the regular faculty in imparting freely for general use what they have long held apart for themselves alone.

Sartain's Union Magazine.

The engravings of the February number are the "Last Adieu of Louis Napoleon and the Emperor," a pretty bunch of Fuschias, colored after nature, Portraits of William and Mary Howitt, and "The Wife's First Grief." The contributors are Fredrika Bremer, John Neal, Bayard Taylor, Edith May, "Silverpen," Eliza L. Sproat, Joseph R. Chandler and others. Mrs. C. M. Kirkland has an admirable article on literary "Lion Hunting," which will alike amuse and edify the hunters and the hunted.

Crumbs from the Land O' Cakes. By John Knox. Boston: Published by Gould and Lincoln.

The lovers of travels, a large class of people, will find pleasant entertainment in this unpretending little volume. It is the narrative, lightly and easily dashed off, of a tour through the British isles, and a visit to Paris. The author appears to have thoroughly enjoyed his journey, and communicates in these lively pages, his own happy spirit to the reader. The frontispiece is embellished with an engraving of John Knox's house.

Kate O'Donoghue. A Tale of Ireland. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragoon," "Horace Templeton," "Jack Hinton, The Guardsman," &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street. Price 75 cents.

Here is a fund of amusement for a man at leisure—one hundred and thirty-six closely printed pages of such entertainment as the admirers of Lever's stories well know how to appreciate. It is embellished with two illustrations.

Godey's Lady's Book for February is embellished with a domestic picture, "My Own Fireside," another of "Christ Entering Jerusalem," a Fashion Plate, and a graceful and delicate vase of flowers. Among the writers for this number we see the names of T. S. Arthur, W. Gilmore Simms, C. J. Peterson, the author of "Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing," Professor John Frost and H. T. Tuckerman.

The Medical Student's Guide in Extracting Teeth; With numerous cases in the Surgical branch of dentistry. With illustrations. By S. S. Horner, Practical Dentist. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This has every appearance of being a valuable offering to the American Students of Medicine, to whom it is inscribed.

The Mother's Recompense. A Sequel to Home Influence. By Grace Aguilar. New York: Harper & Brothers, No. 82 Cliff Street. For sale by Lindsay and Blakiston.

This is another edition of a work which we noticed last week.

☞ In Florida, alligators are extensively killed for their oil and hides; the rough skin on their bellies is tanned and used for saddles. An inexhaustible supply is annually produced.

☞ What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? *Tissue!*

☞ Such is the scarcity of recruits in Austria, that the Emperor has been obliged to lower the standard to 4 feet 11 inches!

☞ John Hancock wore, at the time he put his name to the Declaration of Independence, a coat with buttons of silver of American manufacture,—the device, a shepherd shearing his sheep—the motto, "You gain more by our lives than by our deaths."

☞ Try It.—To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under the animal's foot!

General News.

CURIOUS DISCLOSURES.

A controversy is now raging between Mr. Ritchie, of the Washington Union, and Mr. Rives, of the Globe, in the course of which the latter charges that the $50,000 paid by Major Heiss and Mr. Ritchie for the Globe newspaper were the funds of Government, removed from the Sub-Treasury at Philadelphia, and deposited in the Middletown (Pa.) Bank, of which the Hon. Simon Cameron was president, for the purpose of establishing a Tyler organ. That President Polk consented to its being afterwards used for purchasing the Globe, and pledged himself that the bank should not be called on to refund it for some years, and then in small instalments. Mr. Ritchie says he never knew anything of the $50,000 deposited in the Middletown Bank, and never knew Mr. Cameron to advance one cent towards the purchase of the Globe. Major Heiss never informed him even to this day where the money came from.

Mr. Rives further asserts that Mr. Tyler withdrew as an independent candidate for re-election to the Presidency, on an agreement with Mr. Polk that he would turn his back on the Globe, if elected, and get up a new paper in its stead. Mr. Ritchie states his disbelief in any such collusion, and calls on Ex-President Tyler and Mr. Cameron to clear up the mystery which Mr. Rives has created. Mr. Rives introduces a number of letters from General Jackson to Mr. Blair, to show the unfavorable opinion that he had of Mr. Ritchie, and also his knowledge of the movement on the part of Messrs. Cameron and Tyler to establish a new paper, or merge the Madisonian into some other, and make it Mr. Polk's organ. One of General Jackson's letters speaks in this wise:

"But there is another project on foot, as void of good sense and benefit to the Democratic cause as the other, but not as wicked, proceeding from weak and inexperienced minds. It is this: to bring about a partnership between you and Mr. Ritchie—you to continue proprietor, and Ritchie the editor. This, to me, is a most extraordinary conception, coming from any well-informed mind or experienced politician. It is true, Mr. Richie is an experienced editor, but sometimes goes off at half-cock, before he sees the whole ground, and does the party great injury before he sees his error, and then has great difficulty to get back into the right track again. Witness his course on my removal of the deposits, and how much injury he did us before he got into the right track again. Another *faux pas* he made when he went off with Rives and the conservatives, and advocated for the safe keeping of the public revenue special deposits in the State banks, as if where the directory were corrupt there could be any more security in special deposits in corrupt banks than in general deposits, and it was some time before this great absurdity could be beat out of his mind."

The controversy has filled the pages of Mr. Rives' and Mr. Ritchie's papers for some days, and it is likely from the facts in course of development that other parties implicated will have a hand in it.

A Spicy Card.—We find the following card from N. P. Willis in the New York papers:

A CARD.

Mr. N. P. Willis takes this means of suggesting to Mr. E. Forrest, that the innocence of a lady—(the vindication of the honor of Mrs. Forrest,)—is a cause now pending in the Courts of Law; and submits this question to Mr. Forrest,—*whether*, in proper deference to a woman, as well as to justice—both he and Mr. Willis being necessary parties to the coming trials—*the rights of the lady should not be first attended to*, without the risk of being delayed or defeated by lesser differences between Mr. Willis and himself.

Mr. Willis suggests to Mr. Forrest that the profane, abusive and low language with which he assailed Mr. Willis on meeting him recently in a public street—the disturbance of an audience of a crowded theatre, on the same evening, by loud and offensive braggadocios and conspicuous gestures and head-shakings—and the thus annoying and terrifying Mr. Willis's wife, (the only lady who had accompanied him to the theatre, or who was under his charge at the time)—are needless inflictions upon the public, and upon those innocent of offence against Mr. Forrest.

Mr. Willis suggests, also, that, although the term for which Mr. Forrest was "bound over to keep the peace" has just expired, yet the above mentioned unprovoked hostilities are steps very close upon crimes punished by the Penitentiary—out of which, it is important to Mrs. Forrest that Mr. Forrest should be kept, if possible, till his accusations against her have had a fair hearing, and her innocence a fair defence.

January 8th, 1851.

New Method of Making Coarse Salt.—Mr. Samuel B. Howard, of Syracuse, New York, has invented a new process, much superior to any heretofore known, of manufacturing coarse salt. It is thus described in the Albany Journal:

"The brine is conducted into the back kettles of the arch, where many of its impurities settle, and from thence into a mammoth kettle, directly over the fire, where it attains to nearly 300 degrees heat, when the balance of impurities, including the lime, are thrown down, and the brine at saturation cast into vats, through which iron pipes run, conducting the refuse steam. Here the salt chrystalizes and settles to the bottom. The citizens of Syracuse have much faith in the success of this method in manufacturing salt, which, if realized will give great impetus to that branch of their business."

Important Decision.—The Supreme Court of the United States has just decided that it has no jurisdiction of a case brought on a writ of error from the Courts of Kentucky, wherein the question determined was one involving a construction of the laws of that State relative to property in certain slaves, owned by a citizen of Kentucky. The Court also decided, incidentally that the ordinance of 1787 was repealed by the adoption of the Federal Constitution, so far as it was changed thereby. The Court were unanimous on the question of jurisdiction; but Justices Wayne, McLean and Catron, dissented from the opinion, on the ground that it decides points not essential to the judgment, and therefore liable to be treated by the State tribunals as extra-judicial *dicta*.

Mr. Toombs's Slaves.—We understand that the last fugitive slave who escaped from Mr. Toombs, (the distinguished Representative from Georgia) has returned to her master in Washington. She went off with another female and two male slaves belonging to him, some months ago, about the time the famous Chaplin was arrested with his colored companions in the carriage.—Both of these males are now in the possession of their master; and one of them insisted upon returning, after his master had ordered him off.—One of the females has returned from Pennsylvania, where she had found her way and been very well treated; but such was her attachment to the family she had deserted, that she has voluntarily returned, home-sick, determined to devote her life to their service.—*Washington Union.*

More Gold.—The Crescent City arrived in New York after we had gone to press last week, with $1,500,000 in gold dust on freight, and a large amount said to be in the hands of the passengers. The C. C. was detained at Chagres three days, waiting the arrival of the specie train from Panama, with all her passengers on board. The cause of the detention was that on the 23rd December, as the last detachment of the specie train was seven miles from Panama, it was attacked by a party of sixteen men, all armed to the teeth, and five mules were led into the woods, and $100,000 taken from them. But through the exertions of parties having charge of the train, and assistance from Panama, it was all recovered but about $6,000, and two of the robbers were taken, one of whom was badly wounded.

A Faithless Husband Outwitted.—A few weeks ago a young man from the neighborhood of Manchester was met in the streets of Liverpool by one of his neighbors walking with a young woman, a relative of his wife, but with whom he was considered to be rather too familiar. The neighbor dodged them, and found that they had taken their passage for America. The neighbor hastened home, and communicated the fact to the wife, who promptly came to Liverpool, saw the captain and told him her story. He told her to go back and sell her goods immediately, and return to him. She did so, arriving just as the vessel was about to leave. She was taken on board, and the young woman sent ashore. When the faithless husband went below to his berth he found his wife there instead of his paramour.

Horse Story.—The Nashua, N. H., Telegraph, tells the story of a horse, belonging to Josephus Baldwin, who, one slippery day last week, had much difficulty in maintaining his standing in society, owing to the smoothness of his shoes, and came to some little bodily harm in consequence. When he was unharnessed, the teamster left him to his head, not doubting that he would go directly to the stable, as he always did. Instead of doing so, however, he passed by the stable, and went directly to the blacksmith shop of Vincent & Woodward, where he had been shod some months before. He was found there patiently "waiting his turn" to be "sharpened" with several horses.

POLITICAL.

Massachusetts.—The coalition of Democrats and Free Soilers elected a Free Soiler as President of the Senate, and a Democrat as Speaker of the House. G. S. Boutwell (Democrat) has been elected Governor of the State. It is said that Charles Sumner, (Free Soiler) is to be elected U. S. Senator. A few of the Democrats, however, hold off from the arrangement.

Mississippi.—Official information has been received at the Department of State in Washington, that Judge Gholson, upon mature consideration, has concluded to issue a warrant of arrest for Governor Quitman. It is stated that measures were being taken to have him impeached if he refused.

The Cotton Crop of the World.—The cotton crop greatly fluctuates in amount from year to year, but during favorable seasons the subjoined number of parcels has been realized:

	Pounds.
Brazil,	30,000,000
United States,	780,000,000
Egypt,	26,000,000
West Indies,	13,000,000
Africa, exclusive of Egypt,	45,000,000
India,	190,000,000
Rest of Asia,	195,000,000
Mexico and S. America, except Brazil,	70,000,000
Elsewhere,	18,000,000
Total,	1,3[illegible],000,000

The Smiths Outnumbered.—The books of the Register Office in England disclose the fallacy of that time-honored belief which has so long given to the family of Smiths the honor of numerical superiority over all other families. The Smiths must hide their diminished heads. The Jones's will hereafter occupy the throne. The registry of births, marriages and deaths in England and Wales, for the year ending June 30th, 1838, shows the names of 13,420 Jones's, and only 12,637 Smiths. The next name of most frequent occurrence is Williams, 8,743; then comes Taylor, 6,440; Davies, 5,589; Brown, 5,585; Thomas, 5,278, &c., &c.

Pork-packing for the year ending 1850.

	Number of Hogs.
Ohio	523,755
Kentucky	198,000
Indiana	428,575
Illinois	308,140
On Mississippi river	252,900
On Missouri river	75,000
On Cumberland river	100,000
At other points West	25,000
Total	1,871,350

A Singular Cure.—On the steamer Bunker Hill that arrived from New Orleans on Wednesday, there were several Californians, one of whom had the cholera, and his case was considered hopeless. Captain Miller was applied to for the purpose of procuring materials to make him a coffin, in case he died. Instead of doing this, he administered lignum vitæ tea, which acted like a charm, and a few doses entirely cured him.—*Louisville Courier, 3rd inst.*

A Negro D. D.—John William Pennington, a colored Roman Catholic Priest, of the State of New York, and the author of several works on theological subjects, has had the degree of D. D. conferred on him by the University of Heidelberg. When last heard from, he was about to set out from London for Heidelberg, to receive his diploma.

Fugitive Slaves.—The Memphis Eagle says that five fugitive slaves have been brought back to that city within the past two weeks.

Clippings.

JENNY LIND IN A GALE.

While the tempest was raging, and the sea running high,
The voice of fair Jenny was heard in a sigh;
And she thought to herself (though calm and resigned)
"My voice is potential in raising the wind.
But oh! that it now, with the power was blest
To sing its wild fury, and sing it to rest."

Charleston Mercury.

☞ Squire Hazeldean, in Bulwer's new novel, was so conscientious, that he would not go to church when angry. "As I have never in my life," said the Squire, "met a worse devil than a devil of a temper, I'll not carry mine into the family pew. He shan't be growling out hypocritical responses from my poor grandmother's Prayer Book." So the Squire and his demon stayed at home.

☞ Every one knows that there are many things which he could not accomplish; yet no one knows what he actually can do until he has made the attempt.

☞ A man should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing, lack resolution to climb over such a rugged enclosure.

☞ Why is a clock the most humble thing in existence? Because it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.—*N. Haven Reg.*

☞ Judge Burnett being applied to by an old farmer for his advice in a law suit, heard his case with great patience, and then asked him if he had ever put in a lottery. "No sir," said the farmer, "I hope I have too much prudence to run such risks." "Then take my advice, my good friend, and suffer any inconvenience rather than go to law, as the chances are more against you than in any lottery."

☞ Bibles and Testaments.—"Is them there Bibles?" asked a verdant specimen, of the clerk of the supreme court, as he pointed to a pile of blank records of wills. "No," answered the clerk, "those are testaments."

☞ The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

☞ Thirteen of the members of the Lafayette Guards, in Cincinnati, were soldiers under Napoleon Bonaparte.

☞ The Mississippi Legislature, during the late called session, refused to allow the United States flag to be unfurled over the State House.

☞ A Big Book.—In the course of a sermon preached at Boston, on Thursday week, Professor Park stated that all the sermons delivered in the land in the course of a year, would make 120,000,000 large octavo pages.

☞ *Society*, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

☞ A negro preacher, (says a correspondent of the Boston Museum,) referring to the judgment day, in one of his sermons, said:

"Brederen and sisters, in that day the Lord shall divide the sheep from the goats; and, bress the Lord, we know which *wear the wool!*"

☞ The San Francisco papers advertise a ball—admission $25; *gentlemen, accompanied by ladies, free!*

☞ Wm. L. Chaplin, who was the chief actor in the attempted abduction of two slaves, belonging to Hon. Messrs. Toombs and Stevens, last Spring, met with an enthusiastic reception at Syracuse, N. Y.

☞ Electrical Clock.—M. Peyrot, of St. Etienne, has arranged an electrical clock, after, we believe, an American invention, which, at small expense, and by means of communicating wires, will indicate the same moment upon a myriad of clock faces. In this manner, one clock will serve a whole city, and the inhabitants may take Time into their houses, and pay by the month as we do for gas and water. What a vista of pleasant possibilities this discovery opens! No more inaccuracy in dinner arrivals—no more being caught at home, by difference in clocks, at hours arranged for friends or creditors to call.

☞ The Scientific American says that a man in Orange County was found, one night, climbing an overshot wheel in a fulling mill. He was asked what he was doing. He said he was trying to get up to bed, but somehow or other, the stairs wouldn't hold still.

☞ The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Jean Paul.*

☞ A Thorough Grahamite.—In Gardiner, Me., (says one of our exchanges) recently, a woman of ill health, died of starvation. She became possessed of the idea that her sickness was caused entirely by eating, and so refused to take any more food.

☞ The Shakers of New Hampshire have purchased a large tract of land in Ohio, to which they intend to remove, in consequence of dislike and persecution from their present neighbors.

☞ It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude, than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

☞ At an evening party in Providence, R. I., recently, it was proposed to dispose of the belle of the room by lottery. Twenty tickets were immediately sold, at a fixed price. The joke ended not here. The fortunate adventurer has since married the lady whose name was drawn against his number.

☞ Every night, at Paris, there are representations at sixteen theatres, two or three operas and concerts, besides concerts, balls, and other shows innumerable; among others, a theatre where dogs and monkeys are the performers.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has selected the Frigate St. Lawrence to convey articles intended for the World's Fair.

Miscellaneous.

A TREE PUZZLE.

We are indebted for the following puzzle to the "Inquirer" of this city. It affords a fine opportunity for those who love such things, to exercise their wits:

1. What is the sociable tree? 2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree which is nearest the sea—
4. And the busiest tree? 5. The most yielding tree,
6. And the tree where ships may be?
7. The languishing tree? 8. The least selfish tree,
9. And the tree that bears a curse?
10. The chronologist tree? 11. The fisherman's tree—
12. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
13. What's the traitor tree? 14. And the tell-tale tree,
15. And the tree that is warmest clad?
16. The layman's tree? 17. The housewife's tree,
18. And the tree that makes one sad?
19. What's the tree that in death will benight you?
20. And the tree that your wants will supply?
21. And the tree that to travel invites you,
22. And the tree that forbids you to die?
23. What tree do the hunters resound to the sky?
24. What brightens your house and your mansion sustains?
25. What tree urged the Germans in vengeance to rise and fight for the victims by tyranny slain?
26. The tree that will fight? 27. And the tree that obeys you?
28. And the tree that never stands still?
29. And the tree that got up? 30. And the tree that was lazy,
31. And the tree neither up nor down hill—
32. The tree to be kissed? 33. And the dandiest tree,
34. And what guides the ships to go forth—
35. The unhealthiest tree? 36. And the tree of the people
37. And the tree whose wood faces the North—
38. The emulous tree? 39. The industrious tree?
40. And the tree that warms mutton when cold—
41. The reddish brown tree? 42. The reddish blue tree—
43. And what each must become 'ere he's old?
44. The tree in a bottle? 45. And in the tree in a fog—
46. And the tree that gives the bones pain?
47. The terrible tree when schoolmasters flog—
48. And what of mother and child bears the name—
49. The treacherous tree? 50. The contemptible tree—
51. And that to which wives are inclined?
52. The tree that causes each townsman to fly—
53. And what round fair ancles they bind?
54. The tree that's entire— 55. And that tree that is split—
56. The tree half given to doctors when ill—
57. The tree we offer to friends when we meet—
58. And the tree we may use as a quill?
59. The tree that's immortal— 60. The trees that are not—
61. And the trees that must pass through the fire—
62. The tree that in Latin can ne'er be forgot—and in England we must all admire—
63. The Egyptian plague tree. 64. And the tree that is dear—
65. And what round itself doth entwine—
66. The tree that in billiards must ever be near—
67. And the tree that by cockneys is turned into wine?

Nature's Engineers.—Mr. Benton, in his late speech in the Senate in favor of the Bill for the construction of a road from St. Louis to San Francisco, said:

"There is a new idea become current of late—a new-born idea—that none but a man of science, bred in a school, can lay off a road. That is a mistake. There is a class of topographical engineers older than the schools and more unerring than the mathematicians. They are the wild animals—buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, bears—which traverse the forest, not by compass, but by an instinct which leads them always the right way, to the lowest passes in the mountains, the shallowest fords in the rivers, the richest pastures in the forests, the best salt springs, and the shortest practicable lines between remote points. They travel thousands of miles, have their annual migrations backwards and forwards, and never miss the best and shortest route. These are the first engineers to lay out a road in a new country; the Indian follows them, and hence a buffalo road becomes a war path. The first white hunters follow the same trails in pursuing their game, and after that the buffalo road becomes the wagon road of the white man, and finally the macadamized or railroad of the scientific man. It all resolves itself into the same thing, into the same buffalo road; and thence the buffalo becomes the first and safest engineer. Thus it has been here, in the countries we inhabit, and the history of which is so familiar.

"The present national road from Cumberland over the Alleghanies, was the military road of General Braddock, which had been the buffalo path of the wild animals. So of the two roads from Western Virginia to Kentucky—one through the gap in the Cumberland Mountains, the other down the valley of the Kenhawa. They were both the war path of the Indians and the travelling route of the buffalo, and their first acquaintances, the early hunters. Buffalos made them in going from the salt springs on the Holston to the rich pastures and salt springs of Kentucky; Indians followed them first, white hunters afterwards—and that is the way Kentucky was discovered. In more than a hundred years no nearer or better routes have been found; and science now makes her improved roads exactly where the buffalo's foot first marked the way, and the hunter's foot afterwards followed him."

☞ In these days of female speech-making, we may mention a fact which we chanced to hear from one who knows;—that her Majesty, Queen Victoria, before going to the House of Lords to deliver her annual Address, invariably takes a pint of porter from a silver mug.

☞ Why will Barnum and Jenny Lind never quarrel? Because she is always for-*giving* and he for-*getting*.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER. No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	106	—	Southwark	70	70½
" '62	111	—	Kensington	59	59½
" '67	116	116½	P Township	28	—
" '68	116	—	Girard	13½	13¾
" 5s '53	101	—	Western	65	66
" 6s '51	98	—	Man & Mechs	28	29½
Jan Int off			Bk of Com	50	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	53	—
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	62	63
Philada 6s	103½	104	Tren Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	90	91	Pitts'bg Bk	50½	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	51	—
County 5s	89	89½	Echange, Pitts	48½	49
Penna 6s	101½	102	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	95	95½	Louis, Ky	104	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	109½	110
Tennessee 5s	84	85	Northern	110	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	69½	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters Tenn	69½	—
TexasT Notes	45	50	Vicksburg	19	19½
" bds 8s	50	60	Com. Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	49½	50	N O Gas Bk	116	—
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	18	18½
Lehigh N 6s	79	80	Lehigh Nav	37	38
" Int loan	73	—	C & Del Cl	82	83
" Mort 6s	97½	98	Morris Cl	23½	23¾
C & D Cl 6s	95	96	Penn&Ohio Cl	33	36
C & Am R bds	93	94	Union Cl	14½	14¾
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	126	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	62	62½	Penna R	43	—
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	21
Harris R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	90½	91	North Am Cl	17½	17¾
Read R 6s	80	80½	Susqueh Cl	14	—
" Mort 6s	83	84	Norristown R	35	35½
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	47	47½
U S Bk Shares	1¾	2	Wilmington R	31	32
N Amer Bk	134	—	Reading R	30½	30¾
Penna Bk	119	119½	Minehill R	65	—
Philadelphia	138½	139	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	69½	70	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	60	60½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	52	—	N W Min Co	25	—
Mechanics	29	29½			

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 11.

Ashes—Sales of 100 bbls were made at $5,62½ for new Pots and Pearls.

Cotton—The market for the staple is a ¼ lower, with sales of 1,500 bales at 13⅞ for middling Uplands 14a14¼ for do Mobile, and 14¼ for do New Orleans. The sales for the week are 16,000 bales.

Flour, &c.—There is a continued dullness in the Flour market, and the sales are only 2,500 bbls at the rates of yesterday.

Of Canadian, some 9 or 500 barrels were sold at $4.87½a5.00.

Southern Flour is only in moderate request, with sales of 800 bbls at $5.06¼a5.12½.

Of Rye Flour trifling sales were made at $3.87½.

Corn Meal is steady, with sales of 100 bbls Jersey at $3.

Grain—Wheat continues dull, and we have only to notice sales of 1,200 bushels Ills dried Western on private terms.

Rye is dull and nominal at 77c.

Barley is scarce and in request, at full prices.

Corn is doing still better, with sales of 4,000 bushels new Jersey yellow at 72c. to arrive.

Oats are selling at previous rates.

Whiskey—Is unchanged, and the sales are 250 bbls Jersey and Prison at 25¼a26c.

Provisions—The market for Pork is dull and easier, with sales of 400 barrels at $12.25a12.31 for Mess, $9.25a9.31 for Prime, $14.00 for new Mess, and $15 for clear.

Nothing of importance doing in Beef; sales of 50 bbls Beef Hams at 64c. Sales of 12,000 Hams and Shoulders city cut were made on private terms.

Lard is firm with small sales at 7¼a8c.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

GOVERNOR JOHNSTON'S MESSAGE.

For the following abstract of the Annual Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, we are indebted to the Ledger:

The Governor's Message is comparatively short, but touches upon the various subjects of general legislation which require attention. It commences with a tribute to the late President of the United States and to the purity of his character. The Governor suggests that the judicial districts be remodelled, and the number greatly lessened. An increase of the salaries of the Judges of the Common Pleas and District Courts is thought advisable in the event of a reduction in the number of Common Pleas Districts. He proposes to the Legislature to abolish spring elections, as unnecessary and expensive. One election, in October, is sufficient, he thinks, for all practical purposes. The creation of an agricultural department, he conceives, demands the attention of the Legislature, in order that valuable information may be diffused through the Commonwealth for the use of the farmer. The census will require probably an apportionment of the State and Congressional Districts, and the Governor hopes that action on such important bills will not be delayed till the end of the session, a practice inconsistent with careful and correct legislation.

He refers also to the improvement of the public buildings and grounds, the necessity to have the weights and measures re-adjusted in the counties, and the publication of the geological report, and an arrangement of the geological specimens, the preservation of colonial and revolutionary papers, and commends the Insane Asylum to the fostering care of the Legislature. A revision of the laws in relation to taverns, beer-houses and ten-pin alleys, they being now the common resorts of the young, is also recommended, and an equalization of tax laws again urged upon the Legislature.

The finances of the Commonwealth are as follows:—Amount of debt due on the 30th November last, $40,775,485—Stocks and Cash in hands of Commissioners of Sinking Fund, $465,090—interest saved of special loan in the discontinuance of Plane, $400,000, which deducted, leaves $39,910,394, a decrease of public debt since 1848 of $558,203. About $457,946 were extraordinary expenses, to avoid the Inclined Plane and to complete the North Branch Canal. These completed, nearly one million dollars may be appropriated annually to the reduction of the public debt. The receipts of the Treasury last year were $4,438,131, being less than the estimates $128,167. The estimated expenditures were $4,034,000; actual payments, $4,553,193. The estimates for 1851 are—receipts, $4,296,000; payments, 4,101,300.

All items of taxation applicable to the Sinking Fund, the Governor says, should be required to reach the Treasury quarterly, under the severest penalties. The deteriorated condition of the Public Works and some recommendations for their better management are presented. The improvement of the Delaware Harbor is urged upon Congress, in view of the interior trade which the completion of the public improvements will tend to enlarge, and the wealth of which will pour into Philadelphia. The project of a system of banking based upon State Stocks is again revived by the Governor, and argued at some length. He also refers to matters of national legislation, the necessity of revising the tariff to give protection to manufactures, cheap postage, and lastly, the extension of slavery, and the Union. The Governor denies that Pennsylvania has ever disregarded her constitutional obligations relative to fugitive slaves. He thinks that the present law for the recovery of fugitives requires modifications. The kind of proof required should be indicated, and a full record of the entire proceedings be made and preserved. Processes issued should be returned, and the extradition of any colored person, for whose arrest a warrant had issued without hearing had before the Judge, should be visited with the penalties of kidnapping. The message is a plain and well-written paper, setting forth the views of the Executive clearly, without any unnecessary amount of words or discussion.

PENN'A LEGISLATURE.

The following are the most important proceedings, so far, of the Pennsylvania Legislature:

Mr. Matthias, (Whig) of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker of the Senate, by 16 votes for him, to 12 for Mr. McCaslin (Dem.) Three members (besides the two candidates,) not voting.

Mr. Cessna (Dem.) of Bedford County, was elected Speaker of the House by 59 votes to 37 for G. H. Hart, of Phila., (Whig.)

A resolution was passed in the House, that a committee of one from each District be appointed, to consider the propriety of diminishing the number of Judicial Districts; of increasing the salaries of President Judges; and to apportion the State into Judicial Districts accordingly.

Mr. Brindle has introduced a bill to repeal certain laws in this State relative to the recapture of fugitives from labor.

Mr. Bowen, a supplementary bill to the act exempting property to the amount of three hundred dollars from liability for debt.

Mr. Penniman, a bill to incorporate the city and county of Philadelphia, with enlarged boundaries. The bill was referred to the members from the city and county.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 169—adults 71, and children 98.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, Mr. Butler, of S. C., presented the credentials of R. Barnwell Rhett, Senator elect from South Carolina, till March, 1855, (the unexpired term of the late John C. Calhoun.) Mr. Rhett was then introduced, and having taken the oath of office, was assigned a seat.

Mr. Dayton presented a petition from citizens of New Jersey, asking Congress to appropriate a sum of money equal to what has been contributed by private individuals for the completion of a monument to the memory of Washington.

A large number of private memorials were presented, and referred to appropriate committees.

A message was received from the House, accompanied by twenty-four private bills passed by that body.

These bills were taken up, read twice, and referred to appropriate committees.

Mr. Smith moved to take up the bill to provide for the ascertainment and satisfaction of Claims for Spoliation by the French, prior to 1801. Agreed to.

Mr. Smith said that Congress had exhausted the first half of the nineteenth century in the consideration of this subject, and had done nothing. He intended to press this subject daily, and hoped that these claims would be satisfied at least during this, the last half of the century.

On his motion, the bill was made the special order of the day for Monday.

Mr. Bradbury's resolution about removals from office was taken up.

Mr. Mangum addressed the Senate, to show that General Taylor owed it to his self-respect, and respect for his friends, to remove General Lane from his high post, on account of his having impeached the honor, fairness, integrity and veracity of the President. He read the official report of General Taylor of the battle of Buena Vista, in relation to the conduct of the Indiana volunteers, and from General Lane's report of the same affair, and from reports by Wood, O'Brien and Davis, to show that General Taylor's report was correctly based on the statements which appeared in all of these reports.

Mr. Mangum read from various correspondence by Gen. Taylor, that he never doubted the bravery of the Indianians, and from a publication by Gen. Lane, in which General Taylor was charged with having imputed cowardice to them, which imputations he (Lane) pronounced wholly false and untrue. He contended that after this impeachment by Gen. Lane, Gen. Taylor could not with propriety, permit him to hold the high office. He then alluded to the resolution and condemned it. He said if it had passed when Gen. Taylor's Administration was in power, the reasons for removal would have been given, and many a removed office-holder would have rued the day in which their blundering political friends had elicited the information. He then said the partisan questions of Whig and Democrat had been lost in the national question of the preservation of the Union. He was on the Georgia platform, the Constitutional Union platform. The strict adherence to, and performance of, Constitutional duties by all parties, would save the Union. A disregard of them would destroy it.

Mr. Ewing obtained the floor, when the Senate adjourned.

On the 7th, a few petitions were presented.

Mr. Yulee introduced a bill granting alternate sections of land to Florida, to aid in the construction of a railroad between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Bradbury's resolution was then taken up.

Mr. Ewing said that during a former debate, Mr. Cass had asked him, "if Mr. Weller would have been removed had he been a Whig?" To which he answered "yes." The Senator from Michigan seemed to doubt the sincerity of this reply. He would now proceed to show sufficient reasons for his removal, whether he were a Whig or Democrat. He then read a certified copy of the Report of the Master in Chancery in the Court of Common Pleas of Butler county, Ohio, to which Colonel Weller, and several others—all Democrats—who were Commissioners, charged with the trust and administration of certain public funds, were reported to the Court as defaulters. The amount which Col. Weller is charged with being a defaulter, is sixteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-three dollars and sixty cents, for which no evidence appears as to how or when he got the money, Col. Weller being, at the time, the Secretary of the Commissioners.

This fact was known to him, (Ewing) and he could not but feel that it was a sufficient cause for his removal. Again, Col. Weller was well-known to be habitually intemperate. His office was one in which he would be called on to command men and disburse public money. Col. Weller received into his hands, on setting out, thirty-three thousand dollars, for which no bond was given. He left the United States one month before he needed to have done, and that, too, without clearing up the charge of being a defaulter in his own State, and when he was gone a month, he was at Panama—a place where he could get no conveyance to the place of his business; if he had remained at New York, such conveyance could be had. Knowing these circumstances, he (Mr. Ewing) could not consider Mr. Weller a fit person to hold office in which public moneys were to pass through his hands.

He hoped the Senator from Michigan would now feel satisfied that Col. Weller would have been removed even had he been a Whig. In one case I recommended the appointment of a man to office, believing him trustworthy. He was appointed. Subsequently, I received evidence that the man was a defaulter in his own State. I informed Gen. Taylor, and the man was instantly removed. He saw no marked proscription in this case. Col. Weller, a Democrat, was removed, and Col. Fremont, another Democrat, was appointed. What proscription was there in this? He then turned to the case of Gen. Lane, and examined the allegations and charges made by Gen. Lane against Gen. Taylor of falsehood and misrepresentation of the conduct of the Indiana regiment at Buena Vista. He fully justified the removal of Gen. Lane, on account of his injustice to Gen. Taylor. He denounced the system of proscription which was commenced by Gen. Jackson. He despaired of ever getting clear of it, declaring that no one had been removed, except for cause, or where the Administration believed cause did exist.

Mr. Cass said the charge against Col. Weller of being a defaulter, was one which had been used in the Gubernatorial canvass in Ohio, and that, in that State, where the subject was understood, Col. Weller wanted but three hundred votes of being elected Governor, and after that his nomination had been confirmed by the Senate without one dissenting voice. He never heard that Col. Weller's habits incapacitated him for business.

Mr. Bradbury followed in defence of the resolution.

Mr. Downs said that the inference to be drawn from Mr. Ewing's remarks, was that all persons removed were removed for cause. There existed no cause for the removal of officers in New Orleans, and this was shown in the case of the District Attorney, who, by the next mail after receiving his dismissal, received a commission as a special counsel in a most important United States case. One of those removed had since been elected to the other House.

The subject was postponed.

Mr. Felch reported back adversely the joint resolution from the House, authorizing the assignment of land warrants. Adjourned.

On the 8th, Mr. Houston, from Texas, appeared in his seat.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from citizens of Albany county, N. Y., stating that they are patentees and inventors under the United States Laws, and suffer great loss and injury in consequence of the introduction of produce manufactured in Canada and British provinces by their inventions. He obtained leave to withdraw it, for the purpose of reference on the House petition of citizens of Long Island, in favor of establishing a beacon at the entrance of Sag Harbor.

Mr. Clemens presented a petition from Prof. James Robertson, asking for a special Committee to examine the injury done him by order of the Senate, in imprisoning him on the charge of assaulting Henry Clay during last Winter.

Mr. Hale, with the view of getting rid of the subject, moved that the prayer of the petitioner be rejected—yeas 19, nays 17.

Numerous petitions and reports were presented.

A large number of unimportant Bills, of which previous notice had been given, were introduced and referred.

Mr. Dayton called up the Bill to change the time of holding U. S. Courts and District Courts in the Western and Eastern Districts of Pennsylvania. After explanation an engrossment of the Bill was ordered.

Mr. Underwood moved to take up the House resolution, authorizing the assignment of military land warrants. After debate the motion was withdrawn for the present.

The Bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in California was then taken up.

Mr. Gwinn commenced speaking in opposition to Mr. Benton's amendment, but the noise and confusion was so great in the Senate that several Senators demanded that order be preserved.

The Chair rapped several times with the gavel. Confusion continued, Mr. Foote asked, "Was there no special remedy?" The Chair said there was—to call the Senators, by name, to order. Mr. Foote said he would be sorry to call any one to order by name, and would be particularly sorry to call by name the Senator from Texas, (Mr. Houston,) who had made his first appearance to-day.

Order being restored, Mr. Gwinn delivered a written speech in support of his Bill, and in opposition to Mr. Benton's amendment. He detailed the history, nature and number of private land claims in California, pointing out the defects in Mr. Benton's plan, and advantages of his own.

Mr. Benton replied, stating again all the objections to Mr. Gwinn's Bill and the superiority of his own, and, without concluding, gave way to an adjournment.

On the 9th, Mr. Jefferson Davis presented a memorial from a number of inventors in the United States, praying that the bill now before the Senate to amend the Patent Law, be postponed until next session.

The Committee on Pensions reported adversely on numerous petitions of private individuals.

Mr. Hale, from the same Committee, reported a Bill renewing the pension of the widow of Lieut. Macay. After some debate the Bill was ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Douglass called up the Bill providing for the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River; and then it was made the special order of the day for Jan. 28.

Mr. Pearce introduced a joint resolution on relinquishing to the State of Maryland two of the cannons captured by the brigade under the command of Gen. Riley at the battle of Conteras. He said that Gen. Riley desired to present these cannon to his native State, Maryland. The joint resolution was ordered to be engrossed.

Several engrossed Bills were read and passed.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, the Bill to change the place for holding United States Courts in Vermont, was taken up, and an engrossment ordered.

The Bill to settle private land claims in California was then taken up.

Mr. Benton continued his speech in opposition to the Bill. He pointed out again the serious injury to Californians and the unconstitutionality of Mr. Gwinn's Bill.

Mr. Gwinn briefly replied, and on his motion the Bill and all the amendments were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Underwood moved to take up the resolution making land warrants assignable. Lost.

Mr. Downs moved to take up the Bill ordering certain overflowed lands to Louisiana. Lost.

Mr. Mangum moved an adjournment. Lost.

Mr. Hamlin moved to go into Executive Session. Carried. After a short time, the Senate adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Douglas, from the Territorial Committee, reported a Bill to refund to the Oregon Territory the expenses incurred during the Mexican war; also a Bill making the Bill creating the office of Surveyor General of Oregon, applicable to the Utah Bills, ordered yesterday to be engrossed, were taken up and passed.

The vote ordering the Bill relating to notaries public to be engrossed was reconsidered, and, on motion of Mr. Chase, was amended, by authorizing all notaries in the various States and Territories to take and certify depositions, debene, &c., and was again ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Shields reported a Bill authorizing Wisconsin to select fifty thousand acres of land for purposes of internal improvements, and to supply deficiencies in the selections by the State, under former laws of Congress.

Mr. Dawson opposed the Bill as a dangerous precedent. He spoke of the injustice of the wholesale grants of the lands to new States, without any corresponding benefit to the old States. Public lands were purchased by money of all the States, and the old States were entitled to equal benefits with the new States. There were railroads, lunatics, and poor in the old States, but nothing was granted for them, when new States were amply provided for by these grants of land.

Mr. Foote protested against the revival of old party issues at this time, when the safety of the Union depended on the harmony and color, so clearly defined by the platform laid down by Georgia.

Mr. Walker defended the Bill as eminently just.

Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, defended the Bill, and maintained that the grant was just, proper, and highly important to his State.

Mr. Dawson replied, and said that new States were doubtless glad not to have this old party issue revived, until such time as they can take all the public lands.

Mr. Foote repeated his protest against raising party issues, particularly by the Senator from Georgia. The issue was a sectional one, too, not between the North and the South, but between the old States and the new States. The danger to the Republic from sectional agitation was not yet over, and no party issue should be raised till such agitation and agitators should be silenced by the great cordial and earnest union of all true friends of the country. Issues should not divide the friends of the Union, particularly now, when base political bargaining and huckstering is going on in certain sections of the nation, the effect of which is to give importance to the disturbers of the country.

Mr. Hale was in favor of the Bill for several reasons. He was for giving these lands away, for this was the last time they would have an opportunity of giving. After the new representatives, under the recent census, shall have taken their seats, there will be no more giving—it will be taken then. Another reason was, that of all means of giving away to particular States to make particular internal improvements, no more difficulty in the way of the Democratic party would grow out of the question of a general system of internal improvement. The Western States were peopled by persons from the Eastern States and in giving them these lands we were giving them only to your own people.

Mr. Cass followed in support of the bill.

After some further debate in opposition to the Bill by Messrs. Dawson and Jefferson Davis, the Bill was ordered to be engrossed. Yeas 32—nays 10.

A message from the President, enclosing the report of the Secretary of the Navy, in relation to the abolition of flogging, was received and ordered to be printed. Adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, moved a suspension of the rules, to enable him to offer a resolution requesting the Committee on Military Affairs to report a Bill conferring the rank of Lieutenant General upon Major General Winfield Scott, for gallant services rendered during the war with Mexico. The motion was disagreed to, not two-thirds voting in the affirmative. The vote stood, yeas 79, nays 78.

Mr. Robinson, from the Select Committee, on the pay appointed, reported a Bill to insure the execution of the Act passed last September, granting bounty lands to certain officers and soldiers engaged in the military service of the United States, when Mr. Robinson [illegible] The Bill was read twice, [illegible] final passage. He asked that it be put on its [illegible] wished to read the [illegible] this time, however, he [illegible]. The Bill authorizes [illegible] of the Committee [illegible] force, and proposes a [illegible] employment of clerical [illegible] as to the rules of evidence.

A brief debate took place [illegible] consideration of the subject [illegible] postponed till the 16th.

Mr. Julian asked leave to present a memorial of the [illegible] annual meeting of the Society of [illegible] Indiana, against slavery generally, and particularly against the Fugitive Slave Bill, which the petitioners denominated a cruel, wicked, and infamous law, and asked for its repeal. He wished it to be referred, with instructions.

Objection was made in various quarters.

Mr. Stanley asked whether the gentleman could not present the memorial under the rules and have it referred.

The Speaker replied that this could be done, but not with the instructions.

Mr. Kauffman wished to know what the instructions were.

Mr. Julian said, to repeal the law.

The question was taken on suspending the rules, and decided in the negative. Yeas 68—nays 119—as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Alexander, Bennet, Bingham, Booth, Cable, of Ohio, Campbell, Chandler, Clarke, Cleveland, Cole, Conger, Corwin, Crowell, Dixon, Doty, Duncan, Durkee, Evans, of Ohio, Fitch, Fowler, Freedley, Giddings, Gilbert, Goodenow, Gott, Gould, Grinnell, Halloway, Harlan, Hay, Hebard, Henry, Howe, Hunter, Julian, King, of R. I., King, of N. J., King, of N. Y., King, of N. Y., Mann, of Mass., Matteson, Meacham, Moore, Morris, Nelson, Newell, Peck, Potter, Reed, Risley, Rockwell, Rumsey, jr., Sackett, Sawtelle, Schoolcraft, Silvester, Spalding, Sprague, Stevens, of Pa., Stetson, Tuck, Van Dyke, Wentworth, Wilmot, Wright.

Nays—Messrs. Albertson, Alston, Averett, Bay, Bayly, Beale, Bocock, Bowlin, Boyd, Breck, Briggs, Brooks, Brown, of Miss., Brown, of Ind., Butler, Caldwell, of Ky., Caldwell, of N. C., Cartter, Clingman, Cobb, of Ala., Danner, Deberry, Dimmick, Disney, Duer, Dunham, Edmundson, Eliot, Evans, of Md., Ewing, Featherston, Fuller, Gentry, Gerry, Gilmore, Gorman, Green, Hall, Hamilton, Hampton, Harris, of Tenn., Harris, of Illinois, Haymond, Hilliard, Hilliard, Hoagland, Holladay, Inge, Jackson, of Ga., Johnson, of Tenn., Jones, Kaufman, Kerr, La Sere, Leffler, Levin, Littlefield, Marshall, Mason, McClernand, McDonald, McDowell, McGaughey, McKissock, McLanahan, McLane, McMullen, McWillie, Meade, Miller, Millson, Morehead, Morrison, Morse, Morton, Ogle, Olds, Orr, Outlaw, Owen, Peaslee, Phoenix, Powell, Richardson, Robbins, jr., Robinson, Rose, Ross, Savage, Schenck, Sheppard, Stanly, Stanton, of Tenn., Stanton, of Ky., Stephens, of Ga., Strong, Sweetser, Taylor, Thomas, Thompson, of Pa., Thompson, of Ky., Thurman, Toombs, Underhill, Venable, Vinton, Walden, Waldo, Wallace, Watkins, Wellborn, White, Whittlesey, Williams, Young.

Mr. Schenck inquired whether if Mr. Julian requested the memorial to be referred to the Committee on Judiciary or any other Committee, it would not be so referred under the rule.

The Speaker replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Schenck hoped it would be presented and so referred.

On motion of Mr. Strong, the bill to establish the Board of Accounts was made the special order for the twenty-second of January.

Mr. Phoenix offered a resolution to make the bill to return the duties on merchandize in the original packages destroyed by fire in New York, in July, 1845, the special order for the 28th of January. Objected to; and pending his motion to sustain the rules, the House adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. John Bell, elected a member from Ohio in place of Amos E. Wood, deceased, appeared, and was qualified.

Mr. Julian moved a correction of the Journal. Yesterday he moved to suspend the rules to present a memorial of the Anti-Slavery Friends in Indiana against slavery generally, and particularly against the fugitive slave law. He now wished the object of his motion stated, namely: That the memorial might be referred to a committee, with instructions to report a bill to repeal that law. He wanted facts stated as they occurred.

Questions of order were raised, involving the points as to whether two motions could be made at the same time, and conversation indulged as to what took place yesterday. Finally, the motion to amend the Journal was laid on the table.

Mr. Cobb, of Ala., moved to reconsider the vote by which the House refused to suspend the rules of yesterday. He wanted to see how many men would vote to receive the memorial, with the view of instructing a Committee to report a bill for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The Speaker said the motion would be entered and come up next Monday; and he did not hesitate to say that there was doubt as to whether a refusal to suspend the rules could be reconsidered.

Mr. Richardson wished to move to lay the motion on the table. The Speaker said the motion was not now before the House.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the contested election case from New Hampshire. The Rev. Jared Perkins (Whig) contests the seat of George W. Morrison, (Dem.) returned from the third district in the place of James Wilson, (Whig,) resigned in September last. Mr. Perkins contests the seat on the ground that several towns recently added to the district had already voted in another district for a member of Congress.

Since Mr. Wilson had resigned his seat in the House, the third district in New Hampshire had been altered, and the question is whether Mr. Morrison was elected to fill the vacancy thus created.

The debate was not concluded when the House adjourned.

On the 8th, Mr. Bayly, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported Bills, making appropriations severally, for the Military Academy; for the payment of revolutionary and other pensions; for the payment of navy pensions; for expenses of the Indian Department; and for the services in the Post-Office for the year ending June, 1852. Referred to the proper Committee.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Fitch introduced a Bill providing for the location of military bounty land warrants, where the same have been erroneously located.

Mr. Goodenow introduced a Bill granting public lands to the State of Maine, for the purpose of aiding the construction of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.

Both bills were referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Stanton, of Tenn., introduced a joint resolution directing the payment of the awards made by the Board of Commission appointed under the treaty with Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Jones called for the regular order of the day, being the contested election case in New Hampshire.

Mr. Stanton, of Ky., said as this was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, it would be desecrating the day by transacting business. He therefore moved that the House adjourn. Carried—yeas 94, nays 88.

The House, at a quarter to one, adjourned, amidst much hilarity, several crying, "Hurrah for Jackson."

Nearly all the members surrounded Ransom Halloway, of Duchess County, N. Y., and congratulated him on his recent union with a lady of Maryland. May it never be dissolved.

On the 9th, Mr. Chandler asked leave to introduce a resolution, prefaced by a preamble, setting forth the inconvenience resulting from the exportation of silver, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of reducing the value of the silver coins of the United States, by diminishing their weight, or increasing the proportion of alloy in the same, or both, to prevent their exportation, and that the Committee report by Bill or otherwise. Objection was interposed.

An ineffectual effort was made to call the Committees for reports.

The House then resumed the consideration of the New Hampshire contested election case.

Messrs. Dickey, Hibbard, McLean and Harris, of Ill., advocated the claims of the sitting member, (Mr. Morrison,) Democrat, and Messrs. Duer and Van Dyke spoke for the contestant, (Mr. Perkins) Whig, and without concluding the subject, the House adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Evans, of Ohio, introduced a Bill authorizing persons entitled to bounty land, under the Act of September last to receive the treasury script in lieu of land warrants. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Thurston introduced a Bill providing for a revenue cutter for the District of Oregon. Referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, asked to introduce a Bill granting one hundred and sixty acres out of the public domains to every head of a family who will cultivate the same.

Mr. Orr objected. It was, he said, a sort of demagogueism.

Mr. Doty introduced a Bill authorizing Ohio and Wisconsin to locate the balance of their land to which they are respectively entitled. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Bennett introduced a Bill granting to the State of New York, for school and railroad purposes, a just and equal proportion of the public lands with that granted to Illinois up to this time, in proportion to the New York Representation in Congress. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Several Executive communications were laid before the House, which then resumed the consideration of the New Hampshire contested election case.

Under the operation of the previous question, the amendment of Mr. Tuck, that Jared Perkins (Whig) is entitled to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of General Wilson, was rejected. Yeas 34, nays 105.

The resolution of the majority of the Committee of Elections that Mr. Morrison (Democrat) is entitled to the seat that he now holds, was adopted. Yeas 93, nays 90. Then adjourned.

On the 11th, Mr. Phelps introduced a Bill granting the right of way and donation of public lands to Missouri, to aid in the construction of a railroad from the Western line of that State to the point on the route leading from St. Louis to Little Rock. Referred to Committee on Public lands.

The House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Bill to Reduce and Modify the Rates of Postage.

After speeches from Messrs. Phelps, Matteson and Dunham, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned to Monday.

☞ A bridge is to be suspended across Niagara River, at Lewiston, about seven miles below the Falls, which will be one hundred feet longer than the one at the Falls, and when finished will be the most stupendous work of the kind in the world.

☞ How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning.

☞ Can't be beat.—The Burlington Courier mentions the remark of a Postmaster in that County, who had held office under all sorts of administrations, for the last twenty years, that if the administration could change its politics quicker than he could, he was willing to be turned out.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, Jan. 11, 1851.

REMARKS—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The favorable advices from Europe have caused a better demand for Cotton, and prices are fully maintained. In Groceries and Provisions the transactions are on a very restricted scale. Breadstuffs are attracting more attention, and considerable purchases of Flour have been made for shipment. The arrival of near two millions of dollars in California gold dust, has imported increased confidence to monetary affairs, and there has been an unusually large business done in Stocks. Exchange on England is firm at 110½a110¾.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There was a good demand for Flour on Monday, and 10,000 bbls sold at [illegible] per bbl. part deliverable on board, but since [illegible] has been quiet. For city consumption [illegible] brands [illegible] from $4,50 to 5,50 for common and extra. Corn Meal [illegible] Flour is dull and nominal at $3,50. [illegible] and Brandywine [illegible] Sales of Pennsylvania at $2,87½ [illegible] $3,12½ per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the [illegible], comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	10,490
do.	half bbls	392
Rye Flour,		171
Corn Meal,		587
do.	hhds	20

GRAIN—There is little or no inquiry [illegible] and no sales have been reported. We quote Wheat 98ca$1,02, and white at $1,08a1,11. Rye is [illegible] Sales of Pennsylvania at 70, and Southern at [illegible] per bushel. Corn is scarce and in demand. Sales of 8a10,000 bushels new yellow at 61a61½c, and white at 58c. Oats—But few arrivals. Sales of 3a4,000 bushels Southern at 43, and Pennsylvania at 44a45c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Prime is held firmly. Small sales of Mess at $13a13,50, and Prime at $9,25 per bbl. Bacon—Hams sell at 8a10c. The market continues bare of Sides and Shoulders. Sales of 7a800 kegs Lard at 8c per lb. Butter and Cheese are in limited request, but without change in prices.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The market continues quiet, and there is no change to notice in prices.

BARK—The market has been limited, and prices have further declined; sales of 250 hhds No. 1 at $32,50 per ton.

BEESWAX—The demand is limited; small sales of Yellow at 24a25c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Sperm are in limited request at 42a43, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—The demand for shipment continues limited, and for city consumption it has been quite moderate, but prices have undergone no change. No sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market has been more active, and prices have advanced. Sales of 200 bags Rio, in lots, at 11½a11¾c per lb on time.

COPPER—Sales of English Sheathing at 21c, and Yellow Metal at 16½a17c, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been an increased demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 200 bales Upland and New Orleans at 11½a13½c per lb on time, and some samples at 14c.

DRUGS AND DYES—An import of St. Domingo Logwood and some Fustic sold on private terms. Sales of Soda Ash in lots at 2¼a2½c, and Sal Soda at 2¼ cts per lb; 40 cases Lac Dye, on private terms. Castor Oil is held firmly.

FEATHERS—Are scarce. Small sales of Western at 34a35c per lb for ordinary and prime quality.

FISH—The sales of Mackerel are confined to small lots, from store, No. 1 at $10,75a11; No. 2 at $9.75a10, and No. 3 at $6,25a6,50 per bbl. Codfish sell at 2½a2c per lb.

FRUIT—Bunch Raisins are in fair demand at $2 per box. Sales of 300 boxes Lemons at $2,75a3. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull at former rates.

GINSENG—Is scarce. Small sales of Crude at 35c per lb cash.

GUANO—There are no sales making.

HEMP—The market has been quiet, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—No arrivals and no sales this week.

HOPS—Are in limited request. Small sales of Eastern and Western at 34a36c per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm. Sales of Caraccas at $1,07½, and Bengal at $1,40 per lb 6 mos.

IRON—The market is firm. Small sales of Anthracite at $22 per ton for No. 1, and $20 for No. 2. The stock is quite small. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—The market has been more active. Sales of 1,500 pigs Galena at $4,90a5, on time, interest added, and 200 tons Spanish, on private terms.

LEATHER—The market is dull, but prices have undergone no change.

LUMBER—There is no change to notice in the market. A cargo of Laths sold at $1.75 per M.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet. Sales of 2a300 hhds sold at 23c, and some Cuba at 22c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits of Turpentine is in fair demand, and 2a300 bbls sold at 43a44c on time. In Rosin, Tar and Pitch no transactions.

OILS—Prices of Fish Oils remain without change. A sale of Crude Whale at 57c. Linseed Oil is scarce, and sells in small lots at 80a83c per gallon. Prices of Lard Oil are steady.

PLASTER—Is not inquired after, and no sales have been reported.

RICE—Prices are firmer. Sales of 99 tcs in lots at 3¼a3½c per lb cash and on time.

SALT—A cargo of Turks Island have been disposed of at 25c per bushel.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, and prices are steady. Sales of 100 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5¼a7c, and some Cuba Brown and Yellow at 5¾a7c per lb on time.

SEEDS—There has been less inquiry for Cloverseed. Sales of 3a400 bushels at $3,87½a4,00 per 64 lbs. In Timothy and Flaxseed but little doing.

SPICES—No large sales have been reported.

TALLOW—City Rendered is scarce, and sells at 7a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is no new feature to present in the market since our last report.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, and the sales have been confined to small lots, for the supply of the city dealers.

WINES—No large sales have transpired.

WOOL—The stock is much reduced, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 120,000 lbs at 30a50c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firm. We quote Flour to 3d per bbl; Grain 3d per bushel and Heavy Goods 20a25s per ton. Colliers are in limited demand. Engagements to Boston have been made at $1,50 per ton, and to New York at $1,30.—Inquirer.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 11, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1 dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Prth Amboy	½ dis
Farmers and Mech bk N Brun.	uncertain
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Tard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a½ dis
Bk. Corning	10 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Eagle bk, Bristol	2 dis
Mech. and Man. Providence	failed
Phoenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
Far bk & branches	1 dis
Valley bk & branch	1 dis
Ex bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bk'g co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	2½ dis
Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	1 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners bank	—

One Word to the Sedentary.—Those who labor within doors are compelled to breathe an impure atmosphere, which is wholly unfit for the proper expansion of the lungs, and owing to want of exercise, the bowels become constipated, the pores of the skin closed, and, indeed, all the functions of the body become deranged; hence proceed asthma, cough, pains in the breast and side, palpitation of the heart, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, giddiness, and a variety of other distressing complaints common to those of sedentary habits. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills disperse all these unpleasant symptoms. A single dose will in all cases give relief, and, if repeated a few times, will most assuredly restore the body to health.
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Of [illegible]FORD & PARK, *Norwich, Conn.*
Of S. [illegible]GAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
Of [illegible]ARCE & Co., *No. 24 Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.*
Of J. WELD[illegible]
Of J. W. RAND[illegible], *New Orleans, La.*
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Subscriptions will be [illegible], *D. C.*
mentioned Depots. But [illegible] either of the above hold themselves responsible [illegible] proprietors of the Post directly by themselves, or thro[illegible] money received [illegible] their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases (D. H. M.)
18 Saturday	7 13	4 47	2 43	
19 Sunday	7 12	4 48	3 42	
20 Monday	7 12	4 48	4 41	
21 Tuesday	7 11	4 49	5 35	
22 Wed'sday	7 10	4 50	6 28	Last 2 5 59
23 Thursday	7 9	4 51	7 17	New 19 11 12
24 Friday	7 8	4 52	8 5	First 17 11 31
25 Saturday	7 7	4 53	8 54	Full 24 3 3

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Jan.	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
5,	28	34	32
6,	29	38	40
7,	35	40	41
8,	35	50	50
9,	23	30	42
10,	44	49	50
11,	36	40	42

Marriages.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. S. Porter, D. D., Mr. Thomas P. Sayer, to Miss Hester T. Orr, all of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. Humphreys, Capt. James L. Maloy, of Baltimore Hundred, Delaware, to Miss Lottie Russell, of Milton, Del. Delaware papers please copy.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. James H. Smith, to Sarah McCann.

On the 9th instant, at Friends' Meeting-House, on Orange Street, Samuel Hunter, to Sarah S. daughter of Wm. S. Perot.

On the 9th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Gilpin, Miss Rebecca A. Jackson, of this city, to Mr. John Borton, of Haddonfield, N. J.

In this city, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ducachet, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Robert J. Lackey, to Miss J. Leigh Lloyd, both of Virginia.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ide, Mr. James Shankland, to Miss Amy K. Emiley, all of Philadelphia.

At New York, on the 9th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Woodhull, J. Richard Burdsall, to Clara, daughter of Wm. M. Wilmarth, all of that city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Alex. Collie, of Scotland, to Miss Jane Wilson, all of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. Wallace Raybold, to Miss Rebecca Burch, all of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. Benjamin Foster, to Miss Harriet E. Franklin, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Berg, Israel R. Auner, to Elizabeth Hufsted, of Cumberland county, N. J.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sharp, William Macclroy, of Pittsburg, to Miss Ellen Lesslie, of Londonderry, Ireland.

On the 1st instant, by Mayor Gilpin, Mr. Thomas Griffith, to Mrs. Susan L. Shee, both of Upper Darby.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. G. W. Magradey, to Miss Isabella C. Brown, all of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. C. Webster, Mr. Samuel Blackwood, of Conshohocken, to Miss Rebecca Worrell, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Samuel F. Halsey, Jr. of New York, to Miss E. M Richardson, of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 8th inst. Ella Gertrude, daughter of Dr. F. K[illegible] and Mary S. Morton, aged 2 years and 11 months.

On the 9th inst. Mr. John Myers, Sr. aged 70.

On the 7th inst. Hannah, wife of John M. Hildeburn, aged 27 years.

On the 8th inst. Margaret Justice, aged 70.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Hezekiah Hurley, aged 73.

Near Parsons, on the 15th ult. Theodore Edward, son of M. P. Mitchell, of this city, aged 29 years.

On the 7th inst. Caroline Adelaide, wife of Rich. Lower.

On the 7th inst. Samuel Riddle, aged 76 years.

On the 9th inst. Hannah Coates, aged 82 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Anna M. Palmer, aged 28.

On the 7th inst. Susannah Fothergill.

On the 7th inst. Mary Shaw, aged 74 years.

On the 6th inst. Henry M. Dohnert, aged 19.

On the 2d of Nov. at San Francisco, California, Charles P. Ouram, formerly of this city, aged 28.

On the 6th inst. John D. Hurs, Esq. aged 65.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Lewis Mattingly, aged 57.

On the 7th inst. Ann Nugent, aged 28 years.

At Sacramento City, on the 14th Nov. Henry L. Snowell, formerly of this city, aged 27 years.

On the 8th inst. Thos. H. Mooney, aged 9 months.

On the 8th inst. Mary Smith, aged 11 months.

On the 8th inst. Edward B. Rush, aged 15 mos.

On the 7th inst. Miss Mary L. Steelman.

On the 7th inst. Mary Mumford, daughter of Colin and Elizabeth Coats, aged 15 months.

On the 7th inst. Lewis, son of Lewis and Rachel Beck, aged 8 years.

On the 7th inst. Miss Ellen Howe.

On the 6th inst. Franklin V. Snider, aged 5.

On the 6th inst. Josephine M. Vogel.

On the 3d inst. Samuel Hains, aged 79 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Lavinia Loftin, aged 43.

On the 6th inst. at Columbia, Pa., Mr. Christopher McQuale, of Philadelphia, aged 58 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Jacob Pless, aged 31.

On the 7th inst. Mary A. Renner, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 5th inst. Mr. Daniel Slack, aged 82.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 6th inst. Susanna Bering.

On the 6th inst. Clarice Simpson, aged 80.

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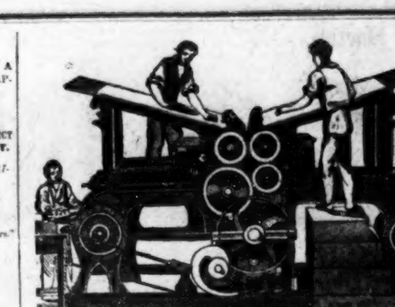

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CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous articles Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES—During the past year we gave the celebrated Lectures on Shakspeare, by Mr. Dana; and the instructive and interesting ones of Dr. Baird upon Europe—LETTERS FROM ABROAD—GENERAL NEWS—Reports of the Markets—a Bank Note and Stock List, etc., etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here, that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works, than any half-a-dozen other papers in the land. *A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our* Advertising Columns, *that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.*

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise,* we will not be behind in the *performance.* A paper that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the largest list of subscribers of any paper of the same class, in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival.

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The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

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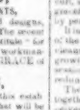
CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



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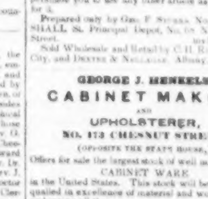

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N. B.—Bonnets remodeled. aug10-ly

Selected Poetry.

MY OWN, MY GENTLE ONE.

They talk of rainbows in the sky, and blossoms on the earth,
They sing the beauty of the stars in songs of love and mirth,
They say the mountain-wind is life—they tell of dew-drops bright,
They praise the sun that warms the day, and moon that cheers the night;
I do not sigh to watch the sky, I do not care to see
The tender drop on greensward top, or fruit upon the tree;
I've pray'd to have my lids unseal'd, but 'twas not to behold
The purple dawn of misty morn, or evening cloud of gold;
No, no, my Mary, I would turn from flower, and star, and sun,
For well I know thou'rt fairer still, my own, my gentle one.

I hear the music others deem most eloquent and sweet,
The merry lark above my head—the cricket at my feet,
The laughing tones of childhood's glee that gladden while they ring,
The robin in the Winter time—the cuckoo in the Spring;
But never do I think those tones so beautiful as thine,
When kind words from a kinder heart confirm that heart is mine.
There is no melody of sound that bids my soul rejoice,
As when I hear my simple name breathed by thy happy voice;
And Mary, I will ne'er believe that flower, or star, or sun,
Can ever be so bright as thee, my true, my gentle one.

HAPPY DAYS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Come back—come back—thou youthful time!
When joy and innocence were ours,
When life was in its vernal prime,
And redolent of sweets and flowers.
Come back! and let us roam once more,
Free-hearted through life's pleasant ways,
And gather garlands as of yore.
Come back—come back—ye happy days!

Come back—come back!—'twas pleasant then
To cherish faith in Love and Truth,
For nothing in dispraise of men
Had soured the temper of our youth;
Come back! and let us still believe
The gorgeous dream romance displays,
Nor trust the tale that men deceive.
Come back—come back—ye happy days.

Come back, oh, freshness of the past!
When every face seemed fair and kind,
When sunward every eye was cast,
And all the shadows fell behind.
Come back! 'twill come: true hearts can turn
Their own Decembers into Mays;
The secret be it ours to learn.
They come—they come—those happy days!

Selected Sketch.

EMINENT WITS AND THEIR WITTICISMS.

[We take from the "Boston Museum" the following amusing article upon English Wits and Witticisms:]

Lord North is not a name likely to find much favor with Americans, because of the unfortunate position its owner chanced to hold in the Ministerial Councils of England, at the time the pig-headed and mule-minded George III. undertook to subjugate the North American colonies. Yet it is now beginning to be understood that the Minister was much less to blame than the Monarch, and that the latter was far from being the bad man he has so long been painted. He was averse to the violent measures by which the colonies were severed from England, and the foundations of a great Western Empire laid. Those measures were the King's, not the Premier's; and the chief fault of the latter was, that he did not leave the King to his own resources when he found him inaccessible to reason.

But we have nothing to do with Lord North's politics. It is as a man of wit that we are to speak of him. He was a witty man in an age of wits, and could hit as hard as any man in those Parliaments in which he led so stormy a career. He was also a man of the most imperturbable good temper, which the most ferocious attacks of his enemies could never shake, and no man was ever more fiercely attacked. One of the best of his mots was that he uttered at the expense of William Eden. Eden was one of Lord North's oldest adherents, but finally ratted, and went over to Pitt, in 1786, in requital for which he was made Envoy Extraordinary to France for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty between the two countries. Eden understood matters relating to trade and commerce, perhaps, better than any man in the British Empire; and he undertook to excuse himself to his old leader, by saying that his joining Pitt "was not caused by any change of political attachment, but merely rose from a temporary affair of trade, which he was appointed to negotiate;" to which Lord North replied,

"You need not trouble yourself to explain the matter—I have always considered the whole transaction as *a mere affair of trade*."

Another instance of his *hard hitting* is told. Every one knows that the Fox and North coalition turned out badly for the parties engaged in it, and was most violently attacked. One member of the House of Commons said that he would like to have a starling placed in a cage in the House, for the purpose of crying out at all times, "wicked coalition!" His lordship very quietly told him that he thought the honorable member himself very aptly filled the place of the starling.

An English writer, who knew Lord North well, says that he "constituted the charm of private society. His wit, brilliant and playful, never became acrimonious." He also says that he was naturally and constitutionally gay, facetious and blessed with an unalterable suavity of temper.—How different is this from the common American idea of the British Premier, during the war of our Revolution! Lord North was afflicted with blindness during his later years, and he bore that greatest of misfortunes with the resignation of a Christian philosopher.

The condemnation and execution of Dr. Dodd were the work of Lord Chesterfield—not *the* Lord Chesterfield, it is hardly necessary to inform the reader—whose tutor he had been. It was generally thought very hard in that nobleman that he should have so vindictively pursued a clergyman and a friend to a shameful death for so comparatively venial offence as forgery; and, therefore, he sometimes, as the phrase is, "caught it." Among his friends was the Earl of Berkeley, who had made himself famous by either killing or wounding several highwaymen. Meeting him one day, Lord Chesterfield said,

"Berkeley, when did you last dispatch a highwayman?"

"Chesterfield," was the answer, "how long is it since you hung a parson?"

The retort was very good.

Among the members of the House of Commons at the same time with Fox and North, was Mr. Courtenay, who was a man of more ability than most of his friends, though he has not a very high place in the political history of England. Wraxall describes him as a complete cynic in manners, dress and deportment, but possessed of great mental powers and extensive acquirements. His wit, according to the same authority, "was always coarse; generally caustic and satirical; not unfrequently indecorous or offensive to a great degree. He possessed considerable power of oratory, unrepressed by timidity, and borrowing assistance from irony on every subject, even the most serious." He it was who ironically complimented Lord Hood "whom," he said, "no man could contemplate without reverence, when he reflected how much his country owed him for having been a *spectator* of Lord Rodney's glorious victory of the 12th of April, 1782." He charged Wilkes, who squinted horribly, with looking *obliquely* upon Mr. Hastings's treatment of the Begums.

It was Burke who said that Warren Hastings and the other British tyrants of India not only oppressed the natives of that country, but took from them the very opium the use of which had enabled them to obtain a temporary forgetfulness of their misery. One of the most happy specimens of Burke's terrible irony was in reply to the statement of some one that a temple had been erected to Mr. Hastings at Benares, the very place where it was charged against him that he had committed one of the very greatest of those acts of tyranny which appeared in the articles of impeachment. Burke said that "he saw no reason for astonishment in the incident which had been represented as striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that, as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder. Nor did he at all dispute the claim of Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon." An eminent writer, himself one of the most successful of public men, has declared that this reply was one of the finest ever made in Parliament.—"It is," he says, "a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy."

Lord Mansfield was often very happy at a "hit." Sir Fletcher Norton was what is commonly called a "rough diamond," in other words, a brute in everything except his ability to walk on two legs. He was once pleading a case involving manorial law before the great Chief Justice, and he proceeded to illustrate it in this way:—"I, my Lord, have two little manors," pronounced the last word as if it were written *manners*. "We all know that, Sir Fletcher," was the bland remark of Mansfield.

Mr. John Robinson was Secretary of the Treasury under Lord North, and was very active in the business of bribing members of the House of Commons. Sheridan having alluded to a government agent by whom members were corrupted, and a cry arising—"Name him! name him!" he said—"Sir, I *could* name him, as easily as say *Jack Robinson*."

Sheridan made a great deal of money by the use to which he put Mark Lewis's famous play—"The Castle Spectre," but the author never could get a penny of it for himself, which made him very sore. "I will make you a great bet, Sheridan," said Lewis to him on some particular occasion, Sheridan's practice of betting being notorious as his love of wine. "What is that?" he asked. "I'll bet you the proceeds of the Castle Spectre," answered Lewis. "And I'll make you a small bet," said Sheridan. "How much?" "What it is worth," retorted the wit.

Erskine was one of the sons of the tenth Earl of Buchan, and brother of the eleventh Earl, who was a man in whom the "eccentricities of genius" ran to seed. The family was ancient and noble, but very poor at the time of the birth of the future Chancellor of England. The elder brother said in after days, when his brothers Thomas and Harry had risen to eminence—"They are certainly extraordinary men, but they owe everything to me;" and on the person to whom this was said looking surprised, he continued—"Yes, it is true: they owe everything to me. On my father's death, they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin, by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing; and they have both thriven ever since—*owing everything to me*." We believe there are a great many debts of this kind owing in this world, which could be wiped out with something less sweeping than a bankrupt law.

When he held the Great Seal as Lord Chancellor, Erskine was one day asked by the Secretary of the Treasury whether he would attend the grand Ministerial fish dinner, to be given at Greenwich at the end of the session, to which he answered—"To be sure I will: what would your fish dinner be without the *Great Seal*?"

When Mr. Polito, who kept the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change, brought an action against the proprietors of a stage-coach for negligence, whereby his portmanteau was stolen from the boot of the vehicle, he himself having been riding on the box—"Why did he not," said Erskine, who was counsel for the defence, "take a lesson from his own sagacious elephant, and travel with his TRUNK *before* him?" He won this case in defiance of law, and the charging of the judge, who told the jury that it was an undefended cause. The joke did the business, it is probable.

He was once dreadfully plagued by the stupidity of a witness, who could not distinguish the difference between the two kinds of whalebone, the "long" and the "thick;" upon which he exclaimed—"Why, man, you do not seem to know the difference between what is *thick* and what is *long*! Now, I'll tell you the difference: you are *thick*-headed, and you are not *long*-headed."

Being counsel for the plaintiff in an action on a tailor's bill, where the defence was that the clothes were very ill-made, and particularly that the two sleeves of a dress-coat were of unequal length, and the defendant's witness having accordingly sworn that "one of them was longer than the other," Erskine commenced—"Now, sir, will you swear that one of them was not shorter than the other?" The witness thoughtlessly answered in the negative, which Erskine turned to such account that he won the cause.

He was once crossing Hampstead Heath, and saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummeling a miserable raw-boned pack-horse, and, remonstrating with him, received this answer:—"Why, it's my own: mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of his beast. Much irritated by this brutal conduct, Erskine struck the fellow over the shoulders two or three times with his stick; crouching and grumbling, the man asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick! "Why," said Erskine, "my stick is my own: mayn't I use it as I please?"

Mr. Justice Ashurst had a long, lanky visage, which led Erskine to pen the following couplet:—

"Judge Ashurst, with his lantern jaws,
Throws light upon the English laws."

He made the following riddle at the expense of George III.

"I may not do right, though I never can do wrong;
I never can die, though I may not live long;
My jewel it is purple—my head it is fat—
Come, riddle my riddle. What is it? What? What?"

Mr. Plumer, though an able lawyer, was a very heavy speaker. Pleading, one day, before the Chancellor, Erskine was observed to be writing diligently, though it was known that he was engaged to a turtle dinner, from which Plumer's dullness detained him. Some of the spectators were much edified by the Chancellor's note-taking, but Lord Holland, who knew him, intimately asked for a sight of his note-book, where he found the following "minute," the ink of which was not yet dry:—

"Oh, that thy cursed balderdash
Were swiftly changed to calipash!
Thy bands so stiff, and snug toupee,
Converted were to calipee;
That since I can ne'er dine nor sup,
I might arise and eat thee up!"

Parr having said to him—
"When you die I will write your epitaph."
Erskine happily replied—
"This is almost a temptation, my dear doctor, to commit suicide."

Another joke is told of his at the expense of the mystic Great Seal. Captain Parry, at a dinner-party at which Erskine was one of the guests, being asked what he and his crew had lived upon when they were frozen up in the Polar Sea, said:
"They lived upon *Seals*."
"And a very good living, too," exclaimed Erskine, "*if you keep them long enough*."

The Duke of Queensbury having laid a case before him, he wrote, concerning it—
"I am of opinion that this action will not lie unless the witnesses do."

His gardener, complaining to him that a severe drought was burning up all vegetable life on his estate, he said to his servant—
"Well, John, all that I can do for you, is to order the hay to be cut down to-morrow morning—and if that does not bring rain, nothing will."

He was Chancellor under the famous Fox and Grenville Ministry, which, he declared, "was said, by all the *Blockheads*, to be made up of all the *Talents* in the country."

Lord Kenyon having recommended, from the bench, that Erskine's client in a certain case, should apply for relief to the Court of Chancery—
"Would your lordship," asked the lawyer, "send a dog you loved there?"

At the time that all England was up in arms to resist the threatened invasion of Napoleon, Erskine was Colonel of a corps of lawyers, the "awkward squad" of the three hundred thousand volunteers. The King, at a review, having asked him the name of his corps—
"The Devil's Own," was the prompt answer.
Another lawyer's corps was called—
"The Devil's Invincibles."

When he was counsel for Thirwell, in the famous State Trials of 1794, his client was very troublesome, and frequently interposed indiscreetly in the management of the case. At one time he was so much dissatisfied that he wrote on a piece of paper, which he threw to Erskine—
"I'll be hanged if I don't plead my own cause."
Upon which his counsel returned for answer—
"You'll be hanged if you do."

The mention of the State Trials of 1794 reminds us of a capital saying of Horne Tooke's, that witty personage being one of the defendants. Sir John Scott, afterwards Earl of Eldon, was then Attorney-General, and undertook the Government's disgraceful cause. To repel some insinuations that had been thrown out against him, Scott said "he could endure anything but an attack on his *good name*; it was the *little patrimony* he had to leave to his children, and with God's help, he would leave it unimpaired." He then, says Lord Campbell, "burst into tears, which, from his lachrymose habit, surprised no one; but to the wonder of all, the Solicitor-General, not known to be of the melting mood, became equally affected, and sobbed in concert with his friend."

Tooke, afraid that the sympathy might extend to the jury, exclaimed, in a stage whisper—
"Do you know what Sir John Mitford is crying about? He is thinking of the destitute condition of Sir John Scott's children, and the little patrimony they are likely to divide among them."

This broke the effect of the lawyer's tears, which were of that kind that crocodiles are popularly supposed to indulge in.

One of the witnesses against Tooke and his associates, was a Government spy, who had assumed the name of Douglas, and Erskine asked him his true name. The witness said he took the name of Douglas from a play-bill.

"Pray," asked Erskine, "how long did you play the part of Norval?"

The jury laughed, and would not believe a word the witness said.

Wit and Humor.

THE LAST TRUMP.

A student in one of the academies in France, was spending his vacation at the house of one of his relations, whom we will call Madame T——. She was a very captivating woman—beautiful, witty, and, withal, a widow.

At the close of a pleasant autumnal evening, this young man and his *cousin*, for so Madame T—— was, returned to her mansion, after a long and probably very pleasant walk.

It happened that, during the absence of the lady of the house, the cook had invited a *relation* of hers, who was a trumpeter in the Hussars, and, besides, fond of good living, never refusing a chance at a good meal, to spend a sociable hour with her. Our couple were, therefore, taken by surprise at the return of Madame, especially as there was but one way of exit from the house. The cook, therefore, as quickly as possible, hid all that she could which might expose them; the only trouble was, what to do with the unfortunate trumpeter; and after finding every closet and cupboard too small, she advised him to hide under the bed of Madame T——, which seemed to be the only safe place of refuge.

Madame T—— soon retired to her room, after having bade good night to her cousin, and was just putting on her "*robe de nuit*," when she beheld, upon suddenly turning round, our student upon his knees,—in the same position that Jean Jacques made his silent declaration to Madame Basile.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame T——, perfectly astonished, "what, cousin, are you doing here? Go away, immediately; what would be said if it were known that you were in my chamber at this hour? Consider your situation and my own."

"My dear cousin," replied the student, almost if not entirely, beside himself, "I cannot help loving you, and no human power can force me hence—even till the last trump shall sound."

At these words, our trumpeter, with some considerable effort to be sure, put his instrument to his mouth, and sounded the charge. *Tara, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta*—

Madame de T—— screamed, the student fled, and in the midst of the general confusion the trumpeter reached his post, from which he had leave of absence for a short time.

The next day, Mons. R——, Colonel of the Hussars, was amusing the ladies during one of his morning visits, with his many stories. A friend requesting him to relate the adventure and the mishap, he did so.

"Tell us the names—tell us the names!" exclaimed the ladies, in a breath, being desirous to obtain any new piece of scandal.

"Upon my word, ladies," replied the Colonel, "I am entirely ignorant of them; but I would have given the world to have seen the face of the student at that moment; it must have presented a very ridiculous appearance."

"Not half so ridiculous as the student's did!" replied a soft, female voice.

One can hardly imagine with what shouts of laughter this involuntary confession of Madame T—— was received, thus acknowledging herself to be the heroine of "The Last Trump."

Cincinnati Enquirer. H.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON SPIRITUAL KNOCKINGS.—"And do you believe in the spirituous knockings?" asked Mrs. Partington, as she leaned forward over the table and bent her eyes upon the individual who had narrated some queer things he had learned in Springfield. "Oh, I would like so to have poor Paul come back!" A gentle rapping upon an old chest in the corner attracted their attention, and the party immediately surrounded it. "If it is Paul's apprehension," said Mrs. P., "I know he'll answer me. Paul, is that you?" Knock. "Just like him," said she, smiling, "when he was living he used to be always tapping whenever we had anything in the house to tap—didn't you, Paul?" Knock. "Does that mean yes, or no?" Knock. "Which does it mean?" Knock. Some of the party suggested that the alphabet should be called, which was done. "Are you in want of anything?" Knock. "What is it?" and the anxious spectators, through the medium of the alphabet, spelled "Sider." "It is Paul!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "that's the way he always spelled it. Do you want me to come to you, Paul?" The answer came back, "No, I'm in better company." The old lady turned away mournfully—there was a sorrow in the wavy lock of gray that struggled beneath her cap border—there was a quaver of grief in the tone that inquired for the scissors—there was a misty vapor on the spec glasses, like the dew upon the leaves after a rain—the cap border, like a flag at half mast, trailed in woe over the ruin of disappointed affection. At this instant the cover of the chest opened, and the head of Ike, protruding, disclosed the secret of the knockings. "Ah, you rogue," cried she, a smile dispelling all evidence of disorder; "ah, you rogue, was it you? You'll never be a good spirit, I'm afraid, as long as you live, if you go on so. You shouldn't try to frighten people. I know'd it wasn't Paul." It seemed as if a whole basketfull of sunshine had been upset in that room, it was so pleasant all the rest of the evening.—*Boston Pathfinder.*

A QUANTUM SUFFICIT—*A Census Anecdote.*—One of the census takers, while canvassing one of the northern counties of the State of New York, this fall, came across a family of French Canadians. The woman was at home, and, though capable of understanding the English language, could not speak it. The officer inquired how many children she had.

"*Neuf* (nine)," she replied in her vernacular, of which he was quite ignorant.

"But how many, ma'am," he replied.

"*Neuf, Monsieur!*"

"*Enough*," he exclaimed; "that may be, ma'am, but what do you consider enough?" he added, smiling.

"*Neuf—Neuf*—here!" and she counted off nine on her fingers, making him aware that his phonetic appreciation of her language was not the most correct.

RIVAL NOVEL WRITING.—A London paper says Mr. G. P. R. James, on his arrival in America, backed himself, for a large sum, to write ten novels in less time than Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper will take to write five. At the end of the first week, Mr. James had completed four, and had got as far as the two travellers on the fine summer's evening, in the fifth, and was still, when the accounts left, in excellent wind. At the same period, Mr. Cooper had finished one only, and had just arrived at the discovery of the hero's lost grandmother, in the tribe of Esquimaux, towards the middle of a second; the severe weight of the material, besides, was beginning to tell, and he showed visible signs of punishment. There can be little doubt of Mr. James's winning his chivalrous wager.

AN AFFECTING APPEAL.—A learned counsellor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, let off the following flight of genius:—"Slander, gentlemen, like a boa constrictor of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps coil after coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the inmost depths of its victim's soul, loud and reverberating as the mighty thunder that rolls in the heavens, it finally breaks its unlucky neck upon the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of moral death. Will the counsel for the defendant oblige me with his tobacco box?"

A HARD QUESTION.—The Pittsburg Dispatch says that a witness was asked the other day, in the Quarter Sessions, the following question:

"Are you, or are you not, a constituent part of the constabulary force of the executive branch of this municipal corporation?"

"Wh-a-t?" said the witness—utterly astonished.

"Are you one of Joe Barker's police?"

"Oh, yes, sir—certainly," replied the witness, seemingly relieved from much apprehension by the translation of the question into plain English.

☞ An Irish woman, who had kept a little grocery, was brought to her death bed, and was on the point of breathing her last, when she called her husband to her bedside:

"Jamie," she faintly said, "there's Missus Mullony—she owes me six shillings."

"Och!" exclaimed her husband, "Biddy darlint, ye're sinsible to the last!"

"Yis, dear—an' there's Missus McCraw; I owe her a dollar."

"Och, be jabers! and ye're as foolish as ever!"

THE INVISIBLE FOE.

We verily believe that the best jokes in the world have occurred in our colleges, and the one we are about to narrate is as true as it is amusing. It transpired in the "Old North State:"

One of the Professors of —— College was in the habit of exercising a surveillance over the students after nightfall, which was by no means agreeable to them. He was accustomed to steal cautiously along the corridors of the college, and, whenever there appeared to be any thing going on not prescribed in the "Rules," he did not hesitate to peep through the key-hole, and "take an observation." Some of the students resolved to cure him of this propensity, and they hit upon the following expedient:

In the course of their walk, they had frequently seen, at a neighboring farm, a large black ram, which was perfectly tame, and which had been taught to butt any one, who appeared to challenge him by stooping or bowing his head. They managed, one night to entice the ram to the college, where they secured him in an empty and darkened room, and fed him the next day. At night, just before the usual time for the Professor's espionage, they turned the ram out into the hall, having first shod him with pieces of blanket. He was perfectly black, and, of course, invisible in a dark corridor. His step, also, was noiseless, as he perambulated at pleasure, the wide hall. Presently, the Professor came stealing up-stairs, and, on tip-toe, proceeded towards a room whence issued rather unusual sounds.—As he stooped to apply his optic to the key-hole of the door, the ram, taking it as a challenge, gave him a playful butt, and tumbled him heels over head. Picking himself up as well as he could, in his astonishment, he was assailed in the rear, and once more prostrated. This amusing illustration of the ups and downs of life continued some minutes, until both parties made an unpremeditated descent of the stairs. The alarmed Professor was not sufficiently hurt by his fall to disable him from flight, and he made tracks for his dwelling with Gilpin speed. The liberated animal fled, also, towards his home.

The next morning the worthy Professor was seen, at a very early hour, examining the floor of the hall very closely for some tracks which might unfold to him the character of his nocturnal foe. He sought in vain, however—and for days the mystery rather preyed on his spirits.

After the graduation of the next class, he inquired of one of the baccalaureates if he had a hand in the adventures of that night, so mysterious to him, if it were so, to explain to him the mystery. When the explanation was given, the Professor was convulsed with laughter, and said that, had he discovered the joke at the time, he should have pardoned its authors for the matchless fun of the thing.—*Southern Literary Gazette.*

ANECDOTES OF REV. DR. EMMONS.—A pert young divine, who had read Dr. Emmons's sermon on the atonement, wrote him the following epistle:

May 1st.—My dear Brother: I have read your sermon on the atonement, and have wept over it. Yours affectionately, A. B. C.

This was no sooner read, than the following reply was written and sent to the post-office:

May 3rd.—Dear Sir: I have read your letter and laughed at it.
Yours, NATH'L EMMONS.

After hearing a young man preach a whole system of theology in one sermon, he asked him, "Do you ever mean to preach another sermon?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you to say? You've preached about everything this morning."

Conversing at a public dinner with one, whom he thought had swerved from the faith, his opponent being hard pressed, said, with considerable strength of voice, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

"Yes, yes," added the doctor; "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottoms?"

THE PITMAN'S FIRST SIGHT OF AN EAR TRUMPET.—A pitman entering a public house in Newcastle, where an old man was seated near the fire, accosted him with the customary salutation of "Gude mornin'." The old man, however, paid no attention, and the pitman repeated his salute in a louder voice. This time his lungs had effect; the old man raised himself up, and taking from a capacious pocket a trumpet of peculiar construction, put it to his ear. Our honest pitman stood amazed, but, after waiting with the most anxious expectation for some moments, he exclaimed, with a disappointed air, "Nay, man! it winna du: thee canna play wi' thy lug, (ear)."

A READY LAWYER IN GETTING OUT OF A FIX.—A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying,

"I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel."

Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued,

"*But what great and good man ever lived*, who was not calumniated by many of his cotemporaries?"

For the Children.

FRANKNESS.

BY REV. JACOB ABBOTT.

There are some persons who are never willing to acknowledge that they have done wrong. Whenever they are blamed for anything, they will be sure to have some excuse or palliation to offer, or they will contrive to turn the attention to the share which somebody else had in the wrong. James Benson was just such a boy.

"Why, what a looking place you have made of this room, children!" his mother said, as she entered the parlor one day.

"Why, William took down every one of those books," vociferated James. "I didn't touch one of them; and Emily tore up that paper into little bits, and threw it upon the floor. I couldn't help it; I told her not to do so."

"Well, I should like now to have you gather up those quill-tops and put them out of the way," interrupted his mother; "you know I have always cautioned you against letting your pen cuttings fall upon the carpet."

"Well, William has been cutting, too. They are more than half his," replied James, instead of stooping at once to pick them up.

Now such a disposition as James showed here is far from being the right one. James had a hand in putting things into disorder, and his own blame was that he had any concern in it. It was nothing to him what his brothers and sisters had been doing. He ought to have acknowledged his own fault, and obeyed his mother's direction immediately, instead of stopping to find excuses, or to tell what the others had done.

It is very mean and ill natured to wish to bring others into difficulties, or expose their faults, when it will answer no good purpose. It is very absurd, too, for any person to suppose that he is any the less to blame himself, in any case, because somebody else has also been to blame. Suppose that a man who was brought to trial in a court of justice for the crime of stealing, should say in self-defence, "Why, to be sure I have been guilty of stealing; but then such a person stole, too. He stole just as much as I did." This would be foolish enough; and yet nothing is more common than for boys and girls, when they are reproved for any misconduct, to begin to tell what some of their brothers, or sisters, or companions, have done that is quite as bad.

"FIRST CLASS IN POSITIVENESS, COME UP!"—"How long will it take you, Tomkins, to carry this piece of wood—just four inches square, and eight inches in length—to the other end of the room?"

"Half a minute, sir."

"Here, then, I cut off with my penknife this little bit. Take that first."

"Now, there is a second scrap. Why, what are you staring at, Tomkins?"

"Please, sir, if I am to carry only such a little piece as this at a time, I shan't be able to carry the whole in six months."

"Quite true, Tomkins, I knew the task you undertook to perform in half a minute, would take you a long time; so just remember that what it appears easy to promise may yet be very hard and troublesome to do; and when you find some conceited youth boasting of his strength, tell him that he is unable to carry out of the room one piece of the wood-bundle lying ready, in his mother's kitchen, to make a fire to-morrow morning; and then serve him as I have just served you. It may teach him to be less proud and less positive. You can go out, boys."

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.—An Eastern Prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself; he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess-table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The King, honoring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to his demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1,024 granaries of 174,762 measures, each consisting of 2,700 grains.

Original Sketch.

ANECDOTES OF THE WISDOM OF ANIMALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY C. W. WEBBER, AUTHOR OF "THE SHOT IN THE EYE," &c.

NO. 2.

In those old times of which I have spoken, sitting upon a gnarled root, we would bend for hours over some thronged city of the ants. Why, how is this? Here from the great entrance—roads branch off on every side. How clean, and smooth, and regular, they are! See, yonder is a dead limb fallen across the course. Amazement! A tunnel! A tunnel! they have sunk it beneath the obstruction too heavy for the power of their mechanics! Follow the winding track. See, that thick tuft of grass! It is easier to go round it than to cut through it. And there, behold a mountain pebble in the way; see how the road is made to sweep in a free curve round the base. Lay now that small stone across the narrow way! See! The common herd—the stream of dull-eyed laborers—how they are all confounded by the interruption. They fall back upon each other—all is confusion. The precious burdens they bore with so much care, are dropped—to and fro they run—all is consternation and alarm. But look! That portly, lazy fellow, who seemed to have nothing to do but to strut back and forth, now wakes up. He rushes to the scene! All give way from his path, and close crowding in his wake. He is one evidently having authority. He climbs upon the stone; and down rapidly; measures it with his antennæ. Here, he glides among the still, expectant ... he sends there, yonder, everywhere, ... best fitted for ... lects among the multitude sagacious heads ... the purposes with which antennæ of command, full—touches them with ... hurries to the stone. No and each one, obedient ... one is in his place awaiting more confusion ... to begin yet. He is back ing orders, ... The signal is given! Each now to the ... workers lay hold of it. See, of the tug and strain! What? Not strength how ... An additional number are chosen. ... seize hold. Now they move it! My lord, the overseer does not put a hand to it himself, or a pincer either,—but, see how he plays round, keeps the crowd out of the way, and directs the whole. It is done! The stone is rolled out from the highway, and we will not put another one on it; it is cruel thus to use our giant's strength like a giant, and we are satisfied. The little laborers resume their burdens; away they go streaming on to the citadel; while the great man relapses suddenly into the old air of sluggish dignity. But follow that road; it leads a hundred yards—clearly traceable through, above, under, around, all impediments; here the main road branches off, and is lost, or it ends at the tree with many insects on its bark, or at some great deposite of favorite food that has been found; and all this pains and labor have been expended in digging that road to secure the convenience of transportation! Talk of your Simplon or your Erie Canal, or your hundreds of miles of human railroads! Wonderful *Instinct*, indeed! Dig away the earth carefully, and look into that subterranean city. Here are streets, galleries, arches and domes, bridges, granaries, nurseries, walls, rooms of state—aye, palaces—cells for laborers, all the features and fixtures, diverse and infinite of a peopled city of humanity! But see, a war has broken out with a neighboring city! Marvellous sight! The eager legions pour in a black flood from the gates. The chief men and captains of the people distinguished, not by plumes and stars, and orders, but by their greater size, and the formidable strength of their pincers. They are marshalled into bands—they know the strength of discipline and military science! In one wide, sweeping, unbroken line, they pour upon the enemy's town. The fight is desperate—hand to hand—pincer to pincer; for it is a battle for dear life—liberty and larvæ! The vanquished are dragged into slavery; the larvæ carried and tenderly nourished by the conquerors, and when they grow up are made helots of, hewers of wood and drawers of water. Strangely elastic *Instinct* this! If we combine, compare, deduce—is not there something like combination, comparison, deduction, here?

The mocking bird is, in most respects, the most extraordinary of singing birds. Besides being "king of all earth's choir," it is characterized by the most remarkable, and something like wierd sagacity. We watched a pair of them once build their nest in a low thorn bush, growing in what is called a "sink-hole" in the West. This had once or twice been filled with water by the heavy rains, but at long intervals. This year the flood came. The birds had hatched, and four little downy, yellow, gaping mouths could be seen in the nest. The water commenced rising very rapidly in the sink. The birds became uneasy; they fluttered and screamed, and made a wonderful to-do. At last one of them flew down to the last twig above the rising water. He sat there looking closely at it till it rose almost his feet, and then, suddenly, with a loud chirp, flew away, followed by the mate. We thought they had deserted their young. "The inhuman creatures!" we exclaimed, from the force of habit; if we had had a gun, we should have had no scruple in shooting them. In about half an hour the water had risen to the bottom of the nest, when, suddenly, to our joy and penitent shame, the birds were back, flew down into the nest and off again! each bearing a young one. They were not gone a minute, when, straight as the flight of an arrow, and as swift, they were back, the other two little ones were carried off and in a minute the nest was afloat. Close calculation, that! We followed in the direction they went, and, after some search, found the callow family safe and snug in an old nest, which they had prepared for their reception, as soon as they became convinced the water must reach them. Instinct must have wide play, indeed, to account for this.

We saw a large, heavy cockroach, fully an inch long, fall into the web of a small spider.—The great weight of the insect, and the height from which it fell, was sufficient to tear through the web, and it would have fallen clear, but that the long, sharp claws which arm the extremities of the hindmost pair of legs, gathered a sufficient quantity of the fibres as they rolled down the net, to sustain the weight of the cockroach, who thus hung dangling by the heels, head downwards, and the body free. Out rushed the little spider, not half so large as a cherry-stone. What could it do with such a monster? You shall see. Without an instant's confusion or hesitation, it commenced rapidly throwing a new web with its hinder legs or spinners, over the two claws that were entangled, so that the hold there might first be strengthened. The cockroach struggled desperately—his weight began to tear away the web from the beam. The spider felt that all was giving way—and faster than the eye could follow him, ran back and forth along the breaking cords, from the beam to the heels of the monster, carrying a new thread from one to the other each time, until the breakage was arrested, and he was satisfied that the whole would bear all its weight and efforts. He then returned cautiously to the charge, and, after a dozen trials, succeeded in webbing the second pair of legs, and bound them down in spite of the tremendous writhings of the great black beast. The third pair were near the head, and he could not succeed in binding them from the front, so he tried another tack; he crawled along the hard sheath of the back (it hung back downward), and commenced, with inconceivable rapidity, throwing his web over the head. The roach seemed to be greatly frightened by this, and made more furious efforts than ever to get loose. The cords from above began to give way again. The spider darted along them again as before, till they were strengthened a second time. He now tried another manœuvre. We had noticed him frequently attempting to bite through the sheath armor of the roach, but he seemed to have failed in piercing it. He now seemed determined to catch the two fore legs that were free. After twenty trials at least, he noosed one of them, and soon had it under his control. This pair of legs was much more delicate than the others; he instantly bit through the captured one. The poison was not sufficient to affect the large mass of the roach a great deal, but the leg seemed to give it much pain, and it bent its head forward to caress the wound with its jaws—and now the object of the cunning spider was apparent. He ran instantly to the old position he had been routed from on the back of the neck, and while the roach was employed in soothing the smart of the bite, he succeeded in enveloping the head from the back in such a way as to prevent the roach from straightening out again; and in a little while more had him bound in that position, and entirely surrounded by the web. A few more last agonies, and the roach was dead; for the neck, bent forward in this way, exposed a vital part beneath the sheath: and we left the spider quietly luxuriating upon the fruits of his weary contest. This battle between brute force and subtle sagacity lasted one hour and a half, and if the history of Reason in our Race can show a more remarkable conquest of superior mind over animal strength, we hope the wiles of the sagacious victor will not be robbed of their glory by being stigmatized as *instinctive*. But this, though an extraordinary case enough, cannot compare with that of some we have yet to bring forward. The miracles of the animal world, with all that has been written in history about nature, have, as yet, we think, been lightly touched upon. Such men as Audubon, Wilson and Godman, have principally contented themselves with an efficient discharge of their duties, to be sure, by giving a general outline of the habits of the different species, leaving the philosophical and poetical parts of the subject to those who have not such heavy enterprises on hand as they had.

Selected Articles.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The Iser and the Inn, as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As we approach the river, the space between is, with comes one elevated plain, covered by two a sombre, dark, pine forest—by paths, that roads only—while the mere give no space to wind through it here and there advanced across marching columns. Moreau, on the first of December, this forest to the Inn, and forced to retrace cember, he was at his position on the further his steps, and take Hohenlinden. Here, where side, at the villages debouched from the woods, one of the ... and Grouchy. he placed ...rians, in four massive columns, plunging the gloomy wilderness, designing to meet ed ... open plain of Hohenlinden, the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side made their way through amid the trees, as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning, when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassible; but now a furious snow-storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead drooped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery wheels smote against their trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those long, dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forests by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the artillery, and ammunition and baggage wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind them were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slow moving cavalry.

Thus marching, it came at about nine o'clock upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain; when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illuminated with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjean and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground; and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they aimed at the flashes that issued from the woods, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in two, like reeds, by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh fallen snow turned red with flowing blood. In the meantime, Richepanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route, with a single division, to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave General continued to advance, and, with only three hundred men, fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, the broken Austrian column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower, and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight, composed, in part, that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

The depths of the forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight, but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowd of fugitives into the woods—the artillerymen cut their traces, and, leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away—and that magnificent column, as if sent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles, the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees stood calm and silent in the Wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferer answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons, and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around.

POISONOUS EFFECTS FROM NEW EARTHENWARE.

A somewhat singular, though not unaccountable occurrence took place in the family of a gentleman in one of our neighboring towns, a short time since. It appears there was a large number of the gentleman's family and connections to partake of a Thanksgiving dinner, numbering in all, twenty-three persons. The usual variety served on such occasions covered the banquet-board, and the party partook of it with the proper relish. Twenty of the party remained over night, and took breakfast with their host the ensuing morning. A large chicken pie, which had not been touched the day before, was served out to them at this time. In a few hours after, seventeen of them were violently attacked with severe griping pains in the bowels, accompanied with profuse diarrhœa.

It appeared, from investigation, that only those who ate of the pie were the ones who suffered. The lady of the house having made it herself, and partaken freely of it, suffering alike with the rest, of course removed all suspicion of intentional poisoning. The query now is, what was there in this pie, or about it, that should produce those effects? The pie was baked in a yellow earthen dish, that had never been used before; and the conclusion necessarily is, that its contents became impregnated with portions of the enamel with which it was lined, and hence the consequences. Now the enamel used by potters varies in composition, according to the purposes for which the ware is intended. They all, we believe, contain more or less lead, cobalt, &c.—Often the biscuit, as it is called, is made of clay which contains poisonous matter in various proportions, and if, after the baking, the vessels are imperfectly glazed or protected, bad consequences may arise from using them. All such ware, to be used in cooking when new, should first be proved, and this is best done by having it greased over with lard or tallow, and then subjected to the heat of an oven. This will generally be found a sure protection. This one instance should serve as a warning to families, and is not without interest to the physician. Had the occurrence taken place during the prevalence of the cholera, the sickness might have been taken for it, and with very good reason, its symptoms and character simulating that disease. We are pleased to state that the parties entirely recovered, the majority of them only suffering five or six hours.

[The above is from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. The poison of the earthenware spoken of, was no doubt in the glaze, the common coarse kind being mostly composed of lead. The advice about trying the ware, before it is used for cooking, is prudent, and should, in every case, be complied with.]

PROGRESS OF THE UNION.—At the commencement of 1800, the population of the United States was about 5,300,000, and their extent 1,000,000 square miles; and the members of their confederacy were sixteen. Now their population is about 25,000,000, their extent about 3,000,000 square miles, and their number thirty-one. In 1800, they were bounded by the Mississippi on the West, and by the Spanish Floridas on the South, and had no access to the Gulf of Mexico, without French or Spanish permission to pass through French or Spanish territory. Now they cover the whole Northern, and parts of the Eastern and Western shores of the Gulf, and extend to the Pacific Ocean. Then the great North-Western Territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, and the Ohio and the Lakes, was a howling wilderness, excepting a small settlement on the Ohio, another on the Illinois, another at Detroit. Now it contains five great States, not less than five millions of people, cities larger than Philadelphia at that time, and one city larger than New York and Philadelphia were united. Then not a steamboat existed in the world. Now steamboats, the invention of American genius, are found on every navigable river of the civilized world, and the American steam tonnage probably exceeds the whole sail tonnage of the United States in 1800. Then the transmission of intelligence between New York and Philadelphia required three days. Now it is carried from Portland to New Orleans in thirty minutes.

MISS BREMER ON LOVE.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

Love is now no more, as in former ages, clad in armor, in fiery passions, ... sword and diments, pursuing its course ... over earth, flame. A gentle spirit has ... Gentler, yes; but breathes in human ... What in former not less strong and ... deep in love, exists ages was most ... may be said to be the chief now as then. And to-day, as in the days of love of our ... the lover—not overcome by Hagbard ... men,—will be bound by a single twenty ... mistress's head. We think, in fact, ... love in our times has deepened—become ... spiritualized and pure. Passion becomes affection, tenderness, and flowers in the domestic affections, converting homes into earthly paradises, and making man's mind more and more fit for the paradise of heaven.

There is in Sweden a flower generally called "Old Love." Its flowers are white and elegant, its leaves and whole structure of the most refined delicacy and grace; it is of long life, and keeps fresh even under the snow. And we have seen there, as well as here, old couples where the love, symbolized in the plant, was all real; where the grace and charm of love flowered as fresh and charming as ever between mate and mate, in a thousand instances, and gave reality to the fable of that beautiful old couple, to whom the gods came as guests, and who, on their prayer not to survive one another, receive the gift of immortal union.

It was such loves that the great English bard had in view when he sang—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

It was such a marriage which the Swedish seer (Swedenborg) saw in one of his visions, and describes so:

"I saw a chariot driving in the upper sky, through the pure morning air. It seemed to me at first that but one individual, radiant and beautiful, was sitting in it; but as the vision drew nearer, I saw that they were two, man and woman, sitting side by side. They seemed full of happiness, and so beautiful, that it seemed to me they hardly could become more so. But when they turned to one another, they began to radiate, as if covered all over with jewels, and became so resplendent and beautiful, that I could hardly bear their sight; and again they seemed to mingle into one, and to be one single individual, all shining with light."

There are minds who are born, as it were, married, born double; there are also minds born single and to a single life, (so it seems to me, and so I believe,) as well as there is in the firmament above us double stars always revolving round one another, and single stars revolving about their own axes and the great central sun, who leads and inspires all, both double and single stars.

It is charming to think that in every vale, in every village of this our earth, we may find loves and lives corresponding with the pictures of the poet and seer, and that every one of the little homes we see on the banks of our rivers and lakes, or in the shelter of our forests, may harbor the immortal Eros.

I love to hear love stories, and I love to tell them. Then, apart from the interest they have for the human heart, they have always something new, something fresh and original about them, which puts to shame the old saying of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun. With every new love some new incidents, some new combination comes up. There is a fresh breeze over the waters of the Dead Sea; in the desert a fountain gushes forth; and under the snow of the Arctic circle the Norna Borealis is born.

We should more look to these everyday wonders. And I believe that if everybody, (who is anybody, that is, a true human mind,) would fairly and truly tell us his own love-story, (be it that of earthly or heavenly love,) we would have a great deal more good and truly original novels than now are to be found in the world.

☞ The olive trees which have been planted in New South Wales, have grown remarkably well, and a small quantity of olive oil has already been prepared from their fruit.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 6, 17, 9, 21, 20, 9, is the Capital of one of the Middle States.
My 2, 8, 13, 15, 18, 21, 20, 9, is a town in Mississippi.
My 3, 17, 6, 18, 25, is a county in Georgia.
My 4, 24, 21, 1, 8, 13, is a common name used for one of the large Northern States.
My 5, 18, 25, 2, 10, 11, is a town situated on Lake Erie.
My 6, 20, 22, is a county in Georgia.
My 7, 11, 6, 21, 24, 9, is a county in Indiana.
My 8, 1, 9, 3, 6, 19, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 9, 11, 19, 9, 12, 3, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 10, 18, 18, 15, 2, 24, 22, 19, is one of the United States.
My 11, 7, 5, 18, 10, 6, is an island off the coast of Florida.
My 12, 23, 6, 6, 20, 2, 3, 6, 7, 20, 19, 24, is a promontory on the coast of California.
My 13, 9, 15, 24, 9, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 8, 6, 15, 1, 20, 19, 13, 8, is a town in Spain.
My 15, 20, 9, 23, 11, 7, are islands in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 16, 2, 22, 15, 20, 3, is an island near Patagonia.
My 17, 16, 18, 23, 9, 8, is a town in Turkey.
My 18, 25, 20, 9, 10, is a gulf in the South of France.
My 19, 10, 21, 15, 18, 25, is a celebrated island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 20, 6, 24, 3, 4, 8, 18, is a cape of the coast of Spain.
My 21, 24, 6, 19, 10, 16, 8, is the birthplace of a distinguished Emperor.
My 22, 6, 24, 15, 10, 3, is a river in Siberia.
My 23, 8, 19, 24, is a cape on the island of Madagascar.
My 24, 13, 18, 16, 5, 5, is a town in the island of Madagascar.
My 25, 13, 11, 9, 5, 10, is a river emptying into the Rio de la Plata, in South America.
My whole is the name of a celebrated band of instrumental performers. W. H. W.
Washington, 1850.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a cooking utensil,
My second's a vowel, you'll see,
My third is a thing of some value,
Possessed by the reader and me;
My whole is raised by the farmer,
And sold as an article of food.
As 'tis so often brought to the table,
We may justly suppose it is good.
Harrisburg, Pa. S. L. G.

PROBLEM.

It is required to find two numbers, such, that if the square of each be added to their product the sums shall both be squares. P. L. R.
Louisville, Kentucky.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When may a man scold his wife for not making good coffee?
Ans.—When he has sufficient grounds.
☞ Why is the King of England like a vane on a steeple?
Ans.—He is the head of the church.
☞ Why is a traveller landing from a steamboat at midnight, like an Englishman at a French Tavern?
Ans.—He can get no porter.
☞ Why is a disgraced minister like a melted guinea?
Ans.—He has lost the King's countenance.
☞ Why are the poker, tongs and shovel like titles of nobility?
Ans.—They belong to the grate. (*Great.*)
☞ Why are geese like opera dancers?
Ans.—Because no other animals can stand so long on one leg.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Independence Hall.
QUESTION.—8.
CHARADE.—Salmon.
PROBLEM.—916 14405.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fleece of wool sheared from a battering ram.
One of the glasses from a red spectacle.
Utica, New York. L. N. B.

QUAINT TEXTS.—The Rev. Mr. Withington, of Newbury, preached a sermon on Thanksgiving day, from the text, viz.:—"A bundle of Myrrh." A correspondent of the Salem Register is reminded by this of several other quaint texts. Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover preached the funeral discourse of the late Samuel Worcester, D. D., from the appropriate words—"Samuel died, and all the people lamented him." Rev. Mr. Braman, of Danvers, preached a sermon, of a most searching character, on the business pursuits of life, from the words—"What is your occupation?"—Rev. John Pierpont used to preach a discourse on decision of character, from the text—"And he answered No." Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Hamilton, once had a sermon from the words—"Dost thou love honey? Eat that which is sufficient for thee." A learned professor in Vermont preached from the text—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

WATER IN THE HUMAN BODY.—A man weighing 140 pounds, if squeezed under a hydraulic press, 106 pounds of water would run out of him, and only 35 pounds of solid, dry matter would remain. A beef-steak pressed between blotting-paper, under a press, gives out four-fifths of its weight in water. Water, therefore, is the first necessary of life, and this accounts for the healthiness of those districts where good water is supplied to the inhabitants.

Agricultural.

BEES.

Every farmer should keep bees; a few swarms to furnish honey for his own use, if not more.—They toil with unremitting industry, asking but a full sweep of the wing and no monopoly. Every man in either town or country can keep bees to advantage. Dr. Smith, of Boston, has an aviary on his house-top, from whence his little winged laborers traverse the air eight or ten miles in search of food. What a delicious banquet they afford from the rich nectar gathered! They collect honey and bread from most kinds of forest trees, as well as garden flowers; orchards, forests and trees, all contributing to their wants, and their owner gratified with the whole. Sweet mignonette is especially mentioned as easily cultivated by drills in a garden, and is one of the finest and richest flowers in the world from which the honey-bee can extract food.

The cobweb must be kept away from the immediate vicinity of the hive, and all other annoyances removed.

Never kill a bee. The smoke of fungus maximus or common puff ball, when so as to hold fire, has a stupifying effect on the bee, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does without any of the deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms, which would not live through the winter, may be united in strong stocks. It is a fact, borne out by experiment, that a hive thus double will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state. This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Gelier. The additional heat seems to serve, instead of additional food, to keep up the vitality of the half torpid bees.—A cold, dry room is the best winter quarters for bees. They will consume less honey than if left on their summer stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of thousands, which tempted out by the premature warmth, are caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground, and never rise again.

Dryness is essential, and ventilation or proper airing of the hives in summer, is the most valuable improvement in bee-keeping.—*Western Emporium.*

HOGS' BRISTLES.—It has been long known that the hams and pickled pork of Ohio, are among the best in the world, but it has been recently discovered that the hogs' bristles of Ohio are the best in the world, having been lately submitted to critical and scientific examination for that purpose, by Peter A. Browne, a well-known public character, in Philadelphia. Speaking of BRISTLES he says:

"They form a much more important item in the rearing of hogs than one would at first suppose. The quantity of bristles now used in this country is immense; recollect that they are not only indispensable to our daily wants, in housekeeping and the toilet, but that there is scarcely a manufacturer or a tradesman who can do without them. We at present import them from France, Germany, Flanders, and Russia, instead of supplying them to all the civilized world, as we ought to do, and as we might do. I have been for more than a year engaged in examining the hair, fur, and wool of the Mammalia, under the microscope, and while on the subject of bristles, I was a little surprised to find that all my specimens, from all the places above mentioned, were inferior in strength to those from Ohio.—Even the bristles of the wild boar of Russia were inferior to the Ohio ones in tenacity. The French bristle is the largest, measuring 11 inches and 7-10, but it has a diameter of only 1-90 of an inch; whereas, the Ohio bristle, with a length of 6 inches and 4-10, had a diameter 1-35 of an inch, and strength in proportion.

"I take the more interest in making these facts known, as I feel satisfied that the condition of the bristle may be improved by a treatment of the live hog that would not injure, but rather improve the meat. The Flanders bristle is short and fine, being only 4½ to 5 inches in length, yet having a diameter of only about 1-100 of an inch; but it is much esteemed for manufacturing *Painters' brushes*, and an immense quantity are therefore imported. These might be produced in this country, with a very little pains, and with great profit."

TURKISH METHOD OF TREATING HORSES.—The late Commodore Porter, when Envoy of the United States at Constantinople, had a horse cured of founder by a Turkish farrier, in the following manner.—The Turk said the horse must be bled in the side of his diseased leg. He put a nipper on his nose to keep him steady—then took up the left leg, and crossing it over the right, gave it to an attendant; he then struck his lancet into the vein, a little above the fetlock joint, and took from it about three and a half pounds of blood. The vein bled freely. He now said he had taken enough; he then went to the very opposite side of the leg, and striking his lancet into a vein above the knee-joint, a single drop of blood exuded, and both that and the first opened vein instantly ceased bleeding. There may be no novelty in this, but it certainly astonished me to find that opening two veins in the same limb stopped both from bleeding; such, however, is the fact, for I witnessed it. He desired that the horse should rest the next day—that he should then be rode with great violence until he was in a profuse perspiration—the diseased limb then to be rubbed with wet salt—(to which I added a pint of hot brandy)—then rubbed dry, and then walked about until cool, and covered with blankets; the same process to be repeated the next day—which was done, and all lameness from that time disappeared; the horse the third day was perfectly well.—*North American Farmer.*

ROADS.—One of our agricultural exchanges points out a great error in the making of roads from the great waste of horse flesh, caused by the unnecessary steepness of hills over which they are required to climb in many of our long travelled roads. A little more circuitous route on a nearly level road, would enable the team to reach a point at an easy trot, with less fatigue and in half the time. The entire cost of the land on some new route, and the expense of grading and working a road, would be repaid semi-annually by the economy in time and horse-flesh.—The power of a horse to draw on a level is equal to 1,000 lbs. In a rise of 1 in 100 feet he can draw only 900; 1 in 50, 810; 1 in 44, 750; 1 in 40, 720; 1 in 30, 640; 1 in 26, 540; 1 in 24, 500; 1 in 20, 400; 1 in 10, 250. In round numbers, upon a slope of 1 in 44, or 120 feet to the mile, a horse can draw only three-quarters as much as he can upon a level; on a slope of 1 in 24, or 220 feet to the mile, he can draw only half as much; and on a slope of 1 in 10, or 528 feet to the mile, only one-quarter as much. Though a horse on a level is as strong as five men, yet on a steep hill it is less strong than three; for three men, carrying each 100 lbs., will ascend faster than a horse with 300 lbs. The popular theory that a gentle undulating road is less fatiguing to horses than one which is perfectly level, is pronounced erroneous.

CONSUMPTION IN HORSES.—Mr. Percival, the English veterinarian, says, "*pulmonary disorders carry off more than all other diseases*." Though this is probably an over-estimate of mortality from that source, when we consider how much sudden changes of temperature and checked perspiration injure man, why may we not suppose that many horses are killed by it? and hence we should perceive and act upon the propriety of attending more to the condition of the horse when turned out or otherwise exposed to sudden change from heat to cold. The Spaniards have a saying that a *draft* of air "that will blow out a candle will kill a man;" but we think nothing of putting a horse, however much heated, in a stable with a draught of cold air coming on him from without.

The Olio.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Over the wave we ride,
Heaving, heaving;
All the gay world beside;
Leaving, leaving.
Wert thou but now with me,
Here on this lonely sea,
I for nought else should be
Grieving, grieving.

Sky and sea softly glow,
Meeting, meeting;
Wave on wave smoothly flow,
Greeting, greeting.
All things, by law divine,
With one another join,
Why not this heart with thine,
Beating, beating!

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF THE BAN JELLACHICH.—They told me many things comic as well as painful; among others, an anecdote of Jellachich was related with great zest. When he entered Pesth, he heard that the Countess Karolyi possessed a palace there, in which she was residing. The fame of her beauty and amiability had been long known to him, and he thought this a favorable opportunity of recommending himself to her notice. He therefore quartered himself at her residence, and strove with all his power to make himself agreeable to her, but without success. He had the most profound faith in his personal charms, and believed that such an Adonis as he must prove irresistible. He could not understand, therefore, why the young Countess did not surrender at discretion; but he was utterly confounded when, wishing to have an interview with her one morning, he received a message that the Countess was not at home to him. He went at once to the Tiger Hotel, bursting with mortification; and, to revenge himself, sent for his "bill," that he might pay the beautiful Karolyi for his board and lodging. She saw his meaning, and, instead of taking offence, sent him actually an account, in which everything he had had at her palace was charged for at a monstrous price. So far the exchange was, perhaps, only fair; but the Croat could not digest the indignity put upon his self-esteem, and all his love for Karolyi turned into a desire for vengeance, which he gratified by filling her palace with common soldiers. Thus ended the renowned Ban's first love adventure in Pesth, to the inextinguishable mirth of the worthy citizens.—*Baroness Von Beck's Personal Adventures in Hungary.*

A PHYSIOLOGICAL PROBLEM.—It has been observed that persons who have lost a limb, or a part of one, are at times very much troubled with an intolerable *itching*, or sometimes *pain*, in the fingers or toes of the extremity which is lost. A case of this kind lately presented itself to us for advice, which, being a little out of the common course, we have thought proper to give to our readers. A young man had his hand amputated just above the wrist, on account of having it shattered by the bursting of a gun. This happened some two years since, and the deficiency is supplied by a wooden hand.

At times, he tells us that he has the most intolerable itching between these wooden fingers, in fact insupportable, and to use his own words, he would give a hundred dollars for the chance to give them a scratching. At other times, he has much pain where the fingers should be, and he can only obtain relief by altering their position. When free from the pain or itching, he can discover no difference between that hand and the sound one. He can will the fingers of the lost hand to act, and they seem to obey. At times, the ends of the fingers are quite numb and cold; being partly flexed, he feels that he has not the power to extend them. There are other phenomena connected with this case, which, with those we have given, would be very difficult to account for on physiological principles.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

ON SMOKING.—Of the three modes of using tobacco, smoking is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the youth of our community. Tobacco, employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influences into every part of the lungs. There the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood, not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle, and circulates it through the whole system. It produces, in consequence, a febrile action of those of a delicate habit. Where there is any tendency to phthisis and tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, most favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach. As to the pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well known fact, that a person smoking in the dark is often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.—*Dr. J. C. Warren.*

A COMPROMISE WITH CONSCIENCE.—The following anecdote, reported in the Journal of Commerce, was related by Dr. Todd, orator at the celebration of the New England society at Brooklyn:—

An assembly convened for general consultation, at Danvers, Massachusetts, the members of which, after very long services, began to feel quite keen for the dinner. As they were gathering round the table, which was graced by a very fat buck, some one whispered that the animal had been killed by an Indian hunter on Sunday. Of course, all were shocked, and the general impression was that it must be left untouched, although there was no means of providing a substitute. At last, the Governor, to whom all looked in this emergency, said that if Rev. Mr. Peabody would say grace, he would agree to have the Indian publicly whipped, and he thought they might all fall to with a good appetite and clear conscience.

ARCHIMEDES.—Archimedes said, "Give me where I may stand, and I will move the universe!" Ferguson, a celebrated astronomer and naturalist, was accustomed to amuse himself by calculating that if at the moment when Archimedes pronounced these words, God had taken him at his word, in furnishing him with a stand point at the distance of 9,000 miles from the centre of the earth, with materials of sufficient strength, and a counterpoise of 200 pounds, this great geometrician would have required a lever of twelve quadrillions of miles—12,000,000,000,000,000—and a velocity at the extremity of the long arm equal to that of a cannon ball, to raise the earth one inch in twenty-seven hundreds of billions of years!

"A FEATHER IN HIS CAP."—Among the ancient warriors it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather to wear in their caps, which, when not in armor, was the covering of their heads, and no one was permitted that privilege who had not at least killed his man. The memory of this old compliment is yet retained among us by the customary saying, when any person has effected a meritorious action, that it will be "A feather in his cap."

For Housekeepers.

RICE PLUM PUDDING.—Three gills of rice. One quarter of a pound of butter. One quarter of a pound of sugar. One quart of milk. A teaspoonfull of salt. Six eggs. A pound and a half of stoned raisins or currants. Half a tablespoonfull of cinnamon. A little rose water, and one nutmeg. Boil the rice with lemon peel in the milk, till soft. Mix the butter, sugar, and eggs. Dredge the fruit with flour, and put in with the spice the last thing. Bake an hour and a half.

EVE'S PUDDING (THE BEST KIND).—Half a pound of beef suet, and half a teaspoonfull of salt. Half a pound of pared and chopped apples. Half a pound of sugar. Half a pound of flour. Half a pound of stoned raisins, dredged with flour. Five eggs. A grated nutmeg. A glass of brandy. Chop and mix the suet and apples. Beat the sugar into the yolks of the eggs. Mix all, putting in the whites cut to a stiff froth just before going into the oven. Bake two hours.

BAKED ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—A quarter of a pound of suet, chopped fine, and half a teaspoonfull of salt. Half a pound of bread crumbs. Half a pound of stoned raisins, wet and dredged with flour. Half of a pound of currants. Half of a pound of sugar. Three ounces of citron. Milk, and six eggs. Pour enough of scalded milk on to the bread crumbs to swell them; when cold, add the other ingredients. If it is too stiff, thin it with milk; if it is too thin, add more bread crumbs. Then add two grated nutmegs, a tablespoonfull of mace and cinnamon, and half a gill of brandy. Bake two hours.

A BOILED ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of currants. One pound of stoned raisins, dredged with flour. Half a pound of beef suet, chopped fine, and a teaspoonfull of salt. One pound of bread crumbs. One-fourth of a pound of citron. Eight eggs. Half a pint of milk, and one gill of wine, or brandy. A heaping coffee cup of sugar, and mace and nutmeg to your taste. Eaten with a sauce of butter, sugar, and wine. It requires six or seven hours to boil, and must be turned several times. In both these puddings, cut the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and put in the last thing.—*Miss Beecher's Domestic Receipt Book.*